

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright. Edited by his niece, F. D. CARTWRIGHT. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 846. London, 1826. Colburn.

THIS work is the homage of an affectionate niece to the memory of a beloved uncle, and that uncle, Major Cartwright, a gentleman who, for the last half century, took a leading part as a reformer, but who, in the angry warfare of politics, never forfeited the respect due to his personal character. Few individuals, we believe, were more esteemed in private life, and the most violent of his opponents never for a moment doubted that his opinions and views, however erroneous, were upright and conscientious. Adhering as he did to the advocates of parliamentary reform, whatever might be their rank or station, his name was sometimes associated with persons unworthy of his friendship, and a cause which in his hands alone would have excited no alarm, became an object of suspicion; that he carried his notions of parliamentary reform to a very great length is certain, but we can more readily excuse this than the Jesuitry of Charles James Fox, of whom Major Cartwright, in a note in his Memorandum Book, says, 'On Sunday, the 10th of April, 1814, Earl Stanhope informed me, that in conversation with Mr. Fox and a third person, Mr. Fox said, "Parliamentary reform was a fit thing to be made use of in argument in the House of Commons, but not to be carried into execution." And yet this same Charles James Fox was chairman of a meeting, at which it was declared, "that annual parliaments are the undoubted right of the people of England; and that the act which prolonged their duration was subversive of the constitution, and a violation on the part of the representatives of the sacred trust reposed in them by their constituents."'

Extravagant as the views of Major Cartwright may be, he was sincere, and full justice has been done to his character in his Memoirs by his niece, who, unpromising and uncongenial as the subject may seem to a female pen, has executed her task with considerable ability. In the progress of the work, she had one difficulty to encounter, an injunction of Major Cartwright himself, who, in a paper found after his decease, expressed a wish, that should any biographical sketch of him be attempted, 'he should not be the subject of frivolous details, but that little should be said, except on subjects of political interest.' The worthy major surely could not have expected his niece to be his biographer, or he would not have imposed such a rule for her guidance; and had she strictly adhered to it, what a dull work this must have been.

John Cartwright was born on the 17th of September, (old style,) 1740, at Marnham, in Nottinghamshire. His education was very deficient, owing to the bad schools where he received it. When he grew up, he left home secretly, to enlist under the banners of the King of Prussia, but was brought back, and allowed to enter the British navy. He served sometimes under 'Black Dick,' Lord Howe, who was so grave and taciturn, that it was a saying among the sailors, 'We are going to have some fun in the fighting way, for Black Dick has a smile on his face.' In the service, young Cartwright was a brave and active officer, much beloved by his commanders; he was in the memorable sea-fight between Sir Edward Hawke and the French Admiral Conflans, on the 20th of November, 1759, and in a subsequent engagement under Lord Howe, who was selected to make an attack on a part of the French fleet, which had escaped into the river Vilaine. Of this enterprise there is a good description, in a letter written by the major at the time; in the battle, the guns of Lord Howe's ship, in which Cartwright served, touched the sides of the enemy's vessel when they were fired, and the shots pierced both sides of the vessel, and then dropped into the water:—

'After the engagement was over, Sir Edward Hawke sent round to all the captains of the fleet to inquire how they had fared during the action. Capt. Patrick Baird having had a finger shot off, returned the following brief message: "My compliments to the admiral, and tell him I have only lost a tobacco-stopper." Being examined as an evidence on a court-martial, respecting the practicability of throwing succours into Gibraltar, he was asked if he should have thought it his duty at all hazards to follow his instructions? "If an admiral," said he, "were ordered to throw succours into hell, in my opinion he ought to attempt it; and the old Defiance should be at his service to lead the van."'

The major was an enthusiastic admirer of Lord Howe:—

'Of Lord Howe's constant attention to the good of the service, Major Cartwright used to give the following instance:—During an action, (the writer believes it was that mentioned above,) Lord Howe remarked, a small vessel, with two large spars attached to her, which was, nevertheless, very ably manœuvred: as soon as the action was over, he sent to the admiral to inquire by whom she was commanded, and finding it was a young officer of the name of Hammond, requested that he might have him as first-lieutenant on board his own ship. This gentleman is now Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, Comptroller of the Navy.'

Major Cartwright had the good fortune, during his life, to save four persons from a watery grave:—

'While under the command of Lord Howe, he fearlessly leaped from the deck of a seventy-four gun ship, in order to save the life of a brother officer; a circumstance which mere accident brought to the knowledge of his family; and it may be worth relating in this place, that, about thirty years afterwards, when walking with his wife and niece at Enfield, he plunged into the New River to save the life of a little boy, who would undoubtedly have been drowned without his timely assistance.'

When lieutenant on the Newfoundland station, he was made deputy-commissary, and while here, he discovered a lake, called Lieutenant's Lake. On his return to England, they brought an Esquimaux woman, the first that ever appeared in this country:—

'On being shown the interior of St. Paul's, she was so struck with astonishment and awe, that her knees shook under her, and she leaned for support on the person who stood next her. After a pause of some moments, she exclaimed, in a low and tremulous voice, "Did man make it, or was it found here?"'

'When the gentleman who had the care of her, informed her that they must now return to her country, as the money appropriated for their support was exhausted, she asked why they could not go into the woods and kill venison. The gentleman replied, that he would be hung if he attempted to kill venison in England; on which the Esquimaux woman, after bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed, in a tone of the greatest contempt, "Hanged for killing venison, oh, you fool!"'

'On quitting the Newfoundland station, in 1770, and resigning his office of surrogate, he gave in a memorial in behalf of his successor, representing that the pay of a lieutenant was very inadequate to meet the expenses attendant on such a situation. A remarkable trait of disinterestedness is thus exhibited in making this representation in favour of his successor, though he had incurred the expense for five years without any complaints of the hardship to himself.'

Such instances of disinterestedness were by no means unusual with him. In the course of this Memoir, there are several good anecdotes related, some by and others of the major; and we shall, we doubt not, be rendering our notice of the work more popular, by quoting a few of them, than by entering on the discussion of his various projects for reforming the government:—

'About the year 1774, having been given up by many of the faculty, he consulted the

celebrated Dr. James, who, by the use of his analeptic pill, threw out a smart fit of suppressed gout. To him, under Providence, Mr. C. always said that he owed his life. One day, when the doctor called on him, Mr. C. pointed to some phials which lay on the table, and said they had been ordered by the apothecary, adding "Do you think they will do me any good?"—"Any good? no!" said the doctor, "but they will do *him* some."

In one of the major's letters, written in May 12, 1772, to the lady whom he afterwards married, is the following anecdote of Fuseli:—

"By the interest of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was employed to copy a capital picture at Rome for his Majesty, for which he was to be paid 1500 guineas. You must know that he has a bare maintenance; and that a munificent friend in England is at the principal expense of supporting him while he studies abroad. While preparing for the execution of the above commission, he became acquainted with a very indigent obscure young artist, an Englishman by birth, and was, in a short time, so much struck with his skill in painting, that he wrote home to excuse himself from making the copy, and to recommend his friend, whom he represented as so much his superior in the art, that he could not, in justice to his merit, accept of such an employment while he was disengaged. Is Fuseli or Lord Clive most to be envied?"

Major Cartwright possessed a very active mind, and was constantly suggesting some plan for benefiting his country by improving her navy, means of defence, &c.; he had, however, an early bias towards politics, and appears to have commenced on the same principles he maintained through life. In a letter, dated Sept. 4th, 1775, he says,—

"I am much amused when I hear people speak of abiding by and supporting their family principles: mine was a Tory family as I have been told, and popery was once its religion; but as for myself, I shall neither be papist nor tory, until I can believe in the infallibility of popes and kings. On every point which materially affects a man's moral conduct, either as an individual or as a member of society, he must judge and act for himself. I should fear that family or party reasons would not always make very good arguments at that tribunal where every man is to answer for his own doings."

We now pass over some hundred and fifty pages, and some twenty years' of Major Cartwright's history, to come to the period of the state trials, in 1794, when he appeared as a witness, and of which he gives an interesting notice in some letters, written at the time, extracts from which we subjoin:—

"No. 34, Surrey Street, Strand, Monday, Nov. 1794.

"The enormous length of Hardy's trial makes it probable Mr. Tooke's cannot come on before Thursday, and it is rumoured that the court will even adjourn it till after term time, that the usual business of the law may not be interrupted.

"As an evidence, I am to be in great company, my old political friend, the Duke of Richmond, and Mr. Pitt. Mr. Tooke

pleads his own cause. The solicitor will secure me a convenient place in court. Mr. Tooke was greatly rejoiced when my arrival was announced to him. He is in good spirits. The immense exertion which his defence must require, will, I fear, go near to kill him. Erskine spoke in Hardy's defence six hours. At length he was so exhausted, that he could not speak loud enough for the judges to hear him when he wanted to address them, and an intermediate person was obliged to repeat what he said.

"If Mr. Tooke's trial comes on without delay, I shall still be detained longer than I expected, as it will probably require a week: if it be adjourned over the term, I shall immediately return into the country. In my subpoena, (although only required as an evidence for Mr. Tooke,) the trials of Hardy, Joyce, Kidd, and Richter, are mentioned, so that if any of those persons should choose to ask me a question, I shall be bound to attend the trials.

"Tuesday.

"Before I had written yesterday, not expecting to be called on, I was at the door, going out on my private business, when a summons arrived, and I went to the Old Bailey, in order to be examined in behalf of Hardy, but was not called on. The Duke of Richmond was examined. Gibbs spoke like an angel. I left the court with the full persuasion that Hardy was safe. His fate will be this day decided. I got a good place in the court at the elbow of Mr. Grey, and met some friends. These trials will, I think, turn out as I always expected, vindictive and iniquitous, and instead of suitable prosecutions for smaller offences in a very few wrong-headed men, magnified into a war upon liberty and its virtuous defenders.

"But the councils of God's providence in favour of the happiness of man will be brought about by the instrumentality of those who mean nothing less."

"7th November.

"I need not tell you the heart-felt joy which the words 'not guilty' gave me. Time will show the iniquity of the great. Granville Sharp has just been with me."

"London, 22nd November.

"Since the commencement of Horne Tooke's trial, I have twice carried this letter in my pocket to the court, in hopes of giving you the final result. The judge is summing up, and we expect the final decision almost every minute.

"Five days' close attendance has fatigued me too much to stand the court, the bad air, and the bad accommodation this morning.

"From the evidence, it seems to me impossible to decide against him. During the whole time he has shown himself a wonderful man. If acquitted, he will probably be member for Westminster.

"I fear I shall be obliged to give evidence again in the next trial, in a point of much importance.

"If Tooke escapes the blood-hounds, I expect to dine with him. I have not time to write on other matters. As soon as possible I shall return home."

"Sunday Morning.

"On the words 'not guilty,' the air was rent with joyful shouts, and Felix trembled. As soon as the shouting subsided, Tooke addressed the court, in a very few words, thanking them for their conduct on the trial, and then said, 'I hope, Mr. Attorney-General, that this verdict will be a warning to you, not to shed mens' blood upon lame suspicions and doubtful inferences,' or words to that effect. He then turned round to the jury and thanked them for his life. Every man of them shed tears. This brought tears to the eyes of Tooke, who, during a six days' battle, while the advocates of power were thirsting for his life, stood as dauntless as a lion, giving a stroke to one and a gripe to another, as if he were at play. The jury were only out about five minutes, which were barely sufficient to reach the room assigned them and return. The panel, on first forming the jury on Monday, bore such evident marks of management and partiality, that Erskine said to Tooke, 'By G— they are murdering you.' Tooke started up, and disputed with the court upon their proceedings; when the attorney-general gave up the three last challenges. Besides these three there was but one man thought at all favourable towards Tooke; judge, then, what they thought of the trial, when they all shed tears on his thanking them for his life.

"I supped with Mr. Tooke at his surgeon's, Mr. Cline. About twenty in company. You may imagine the joy in every bosom. I would not but have been an evidence on this trial for the world. The attorney-general said I was deeply implicated in the proceedings inquired into from March to May, 1792.

"I knew this as well as he did; but I knew likewise that what I had done would set at defiance any accusation from him until English juries should become stupid and base enough to cut their own throats.

"By the decisions on the cases of Hardy and Tooke, which were by far the strongest for establishing a conspiracy, that bug-bear is at an end. In the case of Thelwall I can give an important testimony, and in so doing, give also an answer to the attorney-general.

"A system of proscription and terror like that of Robespierre has been for some time growing in this country, and had these trials been otherwise decided than they have been, it would have been completed and written in innocent and virtuous blood. But the attempt has failed."

"29th of November, 1794.

"Thelwall's trial begins on Monday. One of the principal charges made against him was by a man who perjured himself on Hardy's trial, and is a notorious villain living by such iniquities. It is thought he will not dare to appear again. Had you seen the sneaking figure made by your friend the duke, your sneaking kindness would be at an end. For his dukedom I would not have exchanged feelings with him."

"London, 1st December, 1794.

"I have been for half an hour this evening to Thelwall's trial, and heard Serjeant Adair's opening speech of seven hours, which

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nearly lulled me to sleep, and I was told the chief justice had been asleep the greatest part of the time.

"A joyous dinner and afternoon yesterday at Tooke's. Four ladies, of whom two were his daughters, and a large party of men. We drank the king's health, which I dare say was not suspected at the next door, (Dundas's,) where he had Pitt and a large party to dine. Hoppner, Banks the sculptor, and Sharp the engraver, were there; busts, medals, &c. are under contemplation.

"You ask me what I want the pamphlets for; I have a short thing to publish, in hopes of driving the nail of Arthur Young for arming the people; and finding he has acted very shamefully to me in his *Example to France*, a *Warning to Britain*, I must say something in answer. Of all the books I ever read, this is the most dishonest.

"It is supposed that neither the attorney or solicitor-general will meddle in this cause. Bearcroft is to reply. If I be called, I shall not show any inclination to treat the crown-lawyers with contempt; but as I shall be on strong ground, I shall say strong things. Unless by mere mistake, I cannot say any thing to do either the prisoners, the cause, or myself harm, because I know nothing but what must do good to all.

"I showed some passages in Lord Abingdon's book to [Felix] Vaughan, junior counsel in those causes, who thinks Erskine will be delighted with them. They contain Paine's doctrine about parliaments and prosecutions, which the prosecutors bring forward as treasonable. Lord Abingdon is now a staunch courtier."

"While reading the trial of John Horne Tooke, we cannot but be struck with the manly tone of the accused. When urged by Chief Justice Eyre not to acknowledge his hand-writing too hastily, he breaks forth with all the consciousness of innocence: "I protest before God that I have never done an action, never written a sentence in public or private, I have never entertained a thought on any political subject, which taken fairly with all the circumstances of time, place, and occasion, I have the smallest hesitation to admit.

"I choose my life and character to go together; I wish to admit all I have ever said, done, or written, to save time."

(To be continued.)

Worcester Field; or, the Cavalier: a Poem, in four Cantos, with Historical Notes. By AGNES STRICKLAND. pp. 163. 12mo. London, 1826. Longman.

A FIELD of battle so bloody as that of Worcester, requires a sterner pencil to portray it than the one a female hand is usually accustomed to employ. Unused to the hardships of warfare; startled by the neighing of the warrior's steed; sickened at the sight of blood, and even shuddering at the idea of carnage, the fair sex seem but little adapted to depict the scenes of horror, misery, and confusion, which attend on the clash of arms.

Formed and constituted by nature to mitigate man's sufferings rather than to partake of them; to soothe his oppressed brow ra-

ther than to see the bursting storm strip it of its joy, their habits of life necessarily bring them more acquainted with the sweeter scenes of domestic bliss than with arduous undertakings and public struggles.

We by no means wish to assert that females have never recorded feats of blood, in characters almost as strong and heart-rending as the actions to which they relate. In this style our language boasts some *précieux morceaux*, but we do not conceive that it derogates from their merit when we think their minds are more in unison with tenderness than horror—love than peril.

Worcester Field is sufficiently elucidated by its name. It is a tale founded on the misfortunes of the cavaliers at that period. De Lacy and Clara are the chief personages: its incidents are simple, and the conclusion happily arranged; but throughout the whole of the poem we have remarked a total absence of expression calculated to arouse an ardent feeling, excite a harrowing sympathy, or impress the mind with the dangers of remorseless warfare; but where a subject presents itself within the range of kindlier description, our authoress is more at home, and we quote a few passages which appear very favourable:—

'While Clara, in the awful hour,
Stood like that drooping, tintless flower,
Nipt by stern Winter's bitter gale,
The cold and lovely snow-drop pale.'

The above is poetical and chaste; as are likewise the following lines, depicting the situation of Clara, whilst De Lacy (her lover) is at her feet:—

'Feelings, too mighty for her frame,
In sweet o'erwhelming tumults came,
And Nature, yielding to the strife,
A moment stopped the pulse of life.
Her ebon ringlets, all unbound,
In glossy tresses swept the ground,
In all the rich luxuriant pride
That with the raven's wing had vied;
Contrasting well their jetty flow
With her fair brow and arms of snow.
Returning to that cold pale cheek,
The rose now cast a wand'ring streak;
Her lips resumed their crimson hue,
Recov'ring from that livid blue,
And struggling with the trance of death,
In short deep snatches came the breath.'

The description of Bevil, (an unknown brother of Clara,) by himself, is powerful and natural, and the language perfectly in unison with the afflicted state of his wretched mind:—

'No tender mother's watchful eye
Guarded my wayward infancy,
Or fondly sought to soothe and cheer
The griefs of many a helpless year.
No manly father's anxious care
Pointed the paths of learning fair;
Or bade my wak'ning spirit prove
The charms of honour and of love:
Ne'er was my wild tempestuous youth
Guided to ways of peace and truth;
But crush'd beneath the world's dread scorn,
Insulted, hopeless, and forlorn,
Kindred and friends alike unknown,
On Nature's bounty rudely thrown,
Without one fond endearing tie,
I gaz'd around me gloomily!
Deserted, trampled, and alone,
My spirit caught a sterner tone;

My brain was fire! on man I turn'd,
And stung the tyrant who had spurn'd,
And with vindictive fury hurl'd
My stormy passions on the world!"

Though somewhat trite and common-place, our readers must admit the justice of the following couplet:—

'Where victory smiles, whate'er the cause,
'Tis followed by the world's applause.'

The annexed description of the victorious entrance into Worcester is one of the most picturesque passages in the poem:—

'The jangling bells, with ceaseless clang,
All joyless and discordant rang,

Their near approach to hail;
Their wild hurrahs so long and proud,
The march of triumph pealing loud,
Mix'd with the outcries of the crowd,

Are borne upon the gale:
The torches raised, and flashing bright,
Dispersed the darkness of the night,
And cast a red and wavering light

In fitful gloomy rays,
Distinguished by their fearful glare,
Scenes of wild tumult and despair
Were shown in dread confusion there

To many a mournful gaze.
Oh! there were those who palsied stand,
And strike the breast, and wring the hand,
Or look upon the hostile band

With many a falter'd prayer.
And there were those who, screaming, fly—
There too the fall'n, who gasping lie,
And beg, in shrieks of agony,
The trampling host to spare.'

The last extract we shall make is De Lacy's bold and energetic speech to his regicide judges; it is full of beautiful imagery and patriotic sentiment, and every way worthy of a man ready to sacrifice his life in the cause of his unfortunate king and royal master:—

'He looked around and sternly spoke:—

"Now, regicides, prepare the doom
Which gives me to a hero's tomb,
For I, unbent by coward fear,
Will live and die a cavalier!
And glorying in that deathless name,
I leave my cause to God—and Fame!
True to the altar and the crown,
My soul is firm though fortune frown;
The near approach of adverse fate,
Whate'er its shape, I boldly wait—
Come when it will, or how it may,
'Tis but the closing of a day!
The common debt we all must pay,
Whether by axe or musketry,
Or peaceful bed,—alike to me.
Death strikes but once! a glorious grave
Presents no terrors to the brave;
And for my king, prepared I stand
To fall by treason's bloody hand.'

We have displayed the fair author in the most favourable light; but the chief fault of this poem is in its want of sustained interest. The subject is evidently too gigantic for her pen; but failure with such a theme is by no means a criterion of want of ability. We would advise her to cultivate the tenderer affections of human nature, and would augur well of her success. Among the minutiae of composition we would guard her against the often repetition of rhymes; there are a few favourite bouts rimés which are eternally pressed into service; this weakens

the most spirited portions, and is undignified. —Worcester Field displays many poetical beauties, but is not a vivid description of that important combat.

Tavern Anecdotes, and Reminiscences of the Origin of Signs, Clubs, Coffee-Houses, Streets, City Companies, Wards, &c. intended for a Lounge Book for Londoners and their Country Cousins. By one of the old School. 12mo. pp. 296. London, 1826. Cole.

SOME few years ago, a literary gentleman of our acquaintance, proposed a work somewhat similar to the one now before us, but on a plan rather more matured; he also made many collections on the subject, but other avocations interfered to prevent him executing his design, which has now fallen into other hands. That the subject is a fertile one cannot be denied, when we consider how much of the business of life, in England at least, is transacted in taverns, coffee-houses, and alehouses. There is, however, some difficulty in collecting the necessary information as to these places, and the origin of the signs is involved in much obscurity. On this subject, the editor appears to us, neither so ample nor so satisfactory, as he might have been. That many of the incongruous signs, such as the Bull and Mouth, Bag o' Nails &c. are satisfactorily explained, is certain; but there are some of the compound signs which defy all attempts at derivation, though we have no doubt, for our own parts, that such as the Bell and Crown, the Salmon and Compasses, &c. were occasioned by the union of two houses with the different signs, or by one of them having been dropped, and the landlord of the other being anxious to secure the custom of both.

Tavern Anecdotes form a very amusing volume, and contain an account of several houses in London, of which many a cockney is ill-informed, and which persons from the country, would wish to know: it is indeed, an excellent work for a half hour's amusement, at any time, and the gentlemen of the bar, are under much obligation to their historian, for introducing their establishments to general notice. The account of the several streets is curious, and contains much information, by no means universally known. The editor has certainly appropriated rather largely from some of his contemporaries, without acknowledgment, but he perhaps calculated on escaping frequent detection. We however, on conning his pages, more than once, involuntarily exclaimed, 'stop thief,' though we are so pleased with the book, that we shall not reclaim what he has taken from us. The following are a few articles from this volume copied almost at random:—

The Crown and Anchor.—The association of the navy with the crown is natural. The most noted house with this sign is in the Strand, and is famous for the meetings of modern reformers. Among the public characters who have occasionally "held forth" here, for the public good, none are more distinguished for manly independence and general consistency than Sir Francis Burdett.

Whatever opinion may be formed of his political bias by adverse parties, certain it is that history does not furnish a brighter example of steady perseverance in the cause of rational liberty, than has been shown by him in his long and popular career. Alas! how few there are who figure away for a time as "friends of the people," that deserve a similar encomium. The following epigrammatic lines were written on the duel which the baronet fought with a person named Paul, and on his being supposed to have pensioned the noisy demagogue, Peter F.—!

"Knights of the post of old strove all
By robbing Peter to pay Paul;
Sir Francis Burdett nicks it neater,
He pistols Paul, and pensions Peter."

The Green Man and Still.—Mr. Jekyll meeting his friend Lord Erskine, said, "May I congratulate you, my lord, on having the green ribbon!" "Yes," replied his lordship, "yet I am the same man still." "Then," rejoined the humorous barrister, "it will be a most evident sign of your deserts, and therefore you must be the *Green Man and Still*."

The King's Arms.—The same remarks may apply to this as to the King's Head.

A certain amorous king holding dalliance with a fair damsel at a public court-ball, one of the courtiers wishing to retire to some tavern for refreshment, inquired of another what house he would recommend; who wittily replied, "that he had better not go to the *King's Arms*, as they were full, but that the *King's Head* was empty!"

The Mitre Inn.—This appears to have been an ancient sign, coeval with the introduction and establishment of prelacy in England. There is a good inn so named, in the city of Oxford.

Hearne copied the following anecdote from a paper, in the hand-writing of Dr. Richard Rawlinson:—"Of Daniel Rawlinson, who kept the Mitre Tavern in Fenchurch Street, and of whose being sequestered in the *rump* time I have heard much. The Whigs tell this, that upon the King's murder, he hung his sign in mourning: he certainly judged right. The honour of the mitre was much eclipsed, through the loss of so good a parent of the church of England.

Those rogues say, this endeared him so much to the churchmen, that he soon thrived again, and got a good estate."

The Admiral Drake.—This sign also figures occasionally by the water-side, in honour of the brave admiral of that name.

Quaint conceit of an old writer on Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake:—

"O Nature! to old England still
Continue these mistakes:
Still give us for our kings *such* queens,
And for our dux *such* drakes!"

The Devil Tavern, Fleet Street.—The Devil Tavern is stated, by Mr. Pennant, as being near Temple Bar. It occupied the ground which is now named Child's Place. This tavern, well known to the facetious Ben Jonson, and others, had for a sign the Devil, and St. Dunstan tweaking him by the nose with a pair of hot tongs. The celebrated li-

bertine, Lord Rochester, also takes notice of this notorious scene of revelry.

This tavern appears to have been open in the days of Goldsmith, who notices Dr. Kenrick, the lecturer, at the above tavern, which the doctor entitled the School of Shakspeare, in the poem of Retaliation. It does not appear in any of "the books," whether his satanic majesty was pleased with, or patronized the said tavern; but, doubtless, he looked in there at times to see his friends, perhaps under cover of the smoke they raised. Ben Jonson passing along Fleet Street, near to the above tavern, observed a countryman staring at a grocer's sign; he tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him what so engaged his attention? "Why, master," he replied, "I be admiring that nice piece of poetry over the shop." "How can you make that rhyme?" said Ben; "the words are, 'Coffee and tea to be sold.'" "Why thus," replies Ralph:—

"Coffee and tea
To be s-o-l-d."

This so pleased the poet, that Ralph was taken into his service, and he continued to serve him until Jonson's death.

There are some excellent caricature personifications of signs, and other engravings in this entertaining little work.

MAITLAND'S NARRATIVE OF THE SURRENDER OF BONAPARTE.

(Concluded from p. 356.)

WE resume our extracts from this highly interesting volume. In our last notice we had brought the Bellerophon and her important charge to the English coast—to Torbay, and—

No sooner was Bonaparte's arrival known in the neighbourhood, than the ship was surrounded by a crowd of boats, people being drawn from all quarters to see this extraordinary man. He came often upon deck, and showed himself at the gangways and stern windows, apparently for the purpose of gratifying their curiosity, of which, as he observed to me, the English appeared to have a very large portion.

During the 25th of July, the concourse of people round the ship was greater than the day before, and the anxiety of the Frenchmen was considerably augmented by the confidence with which the newspapers spoke of the intention to remove Bonaparte to St. Helena. In the afternoon, he walked above an hour on deck, frequently stood at the gangway, or opposite to the quarter-deck ports, for the purpose of giving the people an opportunity of seeing him, and, whenever he observed any well-dressed women, pulled his hat off, and bowed to them.

At dinner he conversed as usual, was inquisitive about the kinds of fish produced on the coast of England, and ate part of a turbot that was at table with much relish. He then spoke of the character of the fishermen and boatmen on our coast, saying, "They are generally smugglers as well as fishermen; at one time a great many of them were in my pay, for the purpose of obtaining intelligence, bringing money over to France, and assisting prisoners of war to escape. They even offer-

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ed, for a large sum of money, to seize the person of Louis, and deliver him into my hands; but as they could not guarantee the preservation of his life, I would not give my consent to the measure."

The Bellerophon was afterwards moored off Plymouth, where the curiosity to see Napoleon was as great as ever, but the orders of the Admiralty were so rigid, that few could be gratified. On the 27th of July,—

"In the afternoon, Sir Richard and Lady Strachan, accompanied by Mrs. Maitland, came alongside the ship. Bonaparte was walking the deck, and, when I told him my wife was in the boat, he went to the gangway, pulled off his hat, and asked her if she would not come up and visit him. She shook her head; and I informed him, that my orders were so positive, I could not even allow her to come on board. He answered, "C'est dur, ça." (That is very hard.) And addressing himself to her, "Milord Keith est un peu trop sévère; n'est-ce pas, madame?" (Lord Keith is a little too severe; is he not, madam?) He then said to me, "Ma foi, son portrait ne la flatte pas; elle est encore plus jolie que lui." (I assure you her portrait is not flattering; she is handsomer than it is.) I told him Sir Richard Strachan was in the boat with her, and that he was second in command of the Channel fleet: he bowed to him, and said, "He appears a very young man to hold so high a rank."

"There were this day a great many boats round the ship, full of people, among which were a number of well-dressed females. He expressed himself in strong terms of admiration of the beauty of the English women, and was desirous of knowing which were the ladies,—*"les dames comme il faut,"* as he termed it; as they were all so well dressed that he could not distinguish them."

At length the fatal intelligence was communicated to Bonaparte, that he was to be sent to St. Helena; when he learned this of a certainty, he complained vehemently of his treatment, which certainly was neither generous nor magnanimous. He said,—

"The idea of it is perfect horror to me. To be placed for life on an island within the tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and every thing that I hold dear in it!—*c'est pis que la cage de fer de Tamerlan.* (It is worse than Tamerlane's iron cage.) I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. Among other insults," said he,—*"but that is a mere bagatelle, a very secondary consideration,—they style me general! they can have no right to call me general; they may as well call me archbishop, for I was head of the church, as well as the army. If they do not acknowledge me as emperor, they ought as first consul; they have sent ambassadors to me as such; and your king, in his letters, styled me brother. Had they confined me in the Tower of London, or one of the fortresses in England, (though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the English people,) I should not have so much cause of complaint; but to banish me to an island within the tropics! They might as well have signed my death-*

warrant at once, as it is impossible a man of my habit of body can live long in such a climate."

Of all the persons that accompanied Napoleon to England, Madame Bertrand seems to have been the most unmanageable; she attempted to drown herself, though it looks like a feint, and abused by turns the English government and Bonaparte. The attendants of the fallen emperor, however, appear to have had singular notions as to his reception, for one of them, on the passage home, asked Capt. Maitland if he thought the Prince Regent would confer the order of the garter upon him! When on the eve of removing Napoleon from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland, he called Captain Maitland into the cabin, and said,—

"Your government has treated me with much severity, and in a very different way from what I had hoped and expected, from the opinion I had formed of the character of your countrymen. It is true I have always been the enemy of England, but it has ever been an open and declared one; and I paid it the highest compliment it was possible for man to do in throwing myself on the generosity of your prince: I have not now to learn, however, that it is not fair to judge of the character of a people by the conduct of their government." He then went on, (alluding to the government,) "They say I made no conditions. Certainly I made no conditions; how could an individual enter into terms with a nation? I wanted nothing of them but hospitality, or, as the ancients would express it, 'air and water.' My only wish was to purchase a small property in England, and end my life there in peace and tranquillity. As for you, capitaine," (the name by which he always addressed me,) "I have no cause of complaint; your conduct to me has been that of a man of honour; but I cannot help feeling the severity of my fate, in having the prospect of passing the remainder of my life on a desert island. But," added he with a strong emphasis, "if your government give up Savary and Lallemand to the King of France, they will inflict a stain upon the British name that no time can efface." I told him, in that respect, they were under an erroneous impression; that I was convinced it was not the intention of his Majesty's ministers to deliver them up. "Je l'espère," (I hope so,) was his only reply.

When Napoleon quitted the Bellerophon for the Northumberland,—

"He walked out of the cabin with a steady firm step, came up to me, and, taking off his hat, said, "Captain Maitland, I take this last opportunity of once more returning you my thanks for the manner in which you have treated me while on board the Bellerophon, and also to request you will convey them to the officers and ship's company you command;" then turning to the officers, who were standing by me, he added, "Gentlemen, I have requested your captain to express my gratitude to you for your attention to me, and to those who have followed my fortunes." He then went forward to the gangway; and before he went down the ship's side, bowed two or three times to the

ship's company, who were collected in the waist and on the fore-castle; he was followed by the ladies and the French officers, and lastly by Lord Keith. After the boat had shoved off, and got the distance of about thirty yards from the ship, he stood up, pulled his hat off, and bowed first to the officers, and then to the men; and immediately sat down, and entered into conversation with Lord Keith, with as much apparent composure as if he had been only going from one ship to the other to pay a visit."

Of the person of Bonaparte, Capt. Maitland says,—

"Napoleon Bonaparte, when he came on board the Bellerophon, on the 15th of July, 1815, wanted exactly one month of completing his forty-sixth year, being born the 15th of August, 1769. He was then a remarkably strong well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes light grey, teeth good; and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a grey hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow colour, differing from almost any other I ever met with. From his having become corpulent, he had lost much of his personal activity, and, if we are to give credit to those who attended him, a very considerable portion of his mental energy was also gone. It is certain his habits were very lethargic while he was on board the Bellerophon; for though he went to bed between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, and did not rise till about the same hour in the morning, he frequently fell asleep on the sofa in the cabin in the course of the day. His general appearance was that of a man rather older than he then was. His manners were extremely pleasing and affable: he joined in every conversation, related numerous anecdotes, and endeavoured, in every way, to promote good humour: he even admitted his attendants to great familiarity; and I saw one or two instances of their contradicting him in the most direct terms, though they generally treated him with much respect. He possessed, to a wonderful degree, a facility in making a favourable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation: this appeared to me to be accomplished by turning the subject to matters he supposed the person he was addressing was well acquainted with, and on which he could show himself to advantage. This had the effect of putting him in good humour with himself; after which it was not a very difficult matter to transfer a part of that feeling to the person who had occasioned it."

A few anecdotes we subjoin from the sequel of the narrative:—

'One morning, Bonaparte began to talk of his wife and child, and desired Marchand to bring two or three miniature pictures to show me: he spoke of them with much feeling and affection. "I feel," said he, "the conduct of the allied sovereigns to be more cruel and unjustifiable towards me in that respect than in any other. Why should they deprive me of the comforts of domestic society, and take from me what must be the dearest objects of affection to every man—my child, and the mother of that child?" On his expressing himself as above, I looked him steadily in the face, to observe whether he showed any emotion: the tears were standing in his eyes, and the whole of his countenance appeared evidently under the influence of a strong feeling of grief.'

Capt. Maitland does not think ambition was stifled in Napoleon, but that, on the contrary, had he got to America, he would always have looked forward to returning to France. One day, while on board the *Bel-lerophon*, says Capt. M.:—

'I heard several of the French officers discussing the merits of the British troops. One of them said, "The cavalry is superb." I observed, "In England we have a higher opinion of our infantry." "You are right," said he; "there is none such in the world: there is no making an impression on them: you may as well attempt to charge through a wall: and their fire is tremendous." Another of them observed: "A great fault in your cavalry is their not having their horses sufficiently under command: there must be something wrong in the bit, as on one or two occasions in a charge, they could not stop their horses: our troops opened to the right and left, let them pass through, and then closed their ranks again, when they were either killed or taken prisoners."

'I never heard Bonaparte speak of the battle of Waterloo, or give an opinion of the Duke of Wellington; but I asked General Bertrand what Napoleon thought of him. "Why," replied he, "I will give you his opinion nearly in the words he delivered it to me. "The Duke of Wellington, in the management of an army, is fully equal to myself, with the advantage of possessing more prudence."'

Napoleon never sat more than twenty or twenty-five minutes to dinner, and when at the head of the French government, seldom more than fifteen minutes.

Abbassah; a Poem, in Two Cantos. 8vo. pp. 116. London, 1826. Anderson.

EXHIBITING a considerable share of poetical power and talent, and occasionally great energy of thought, this production is nevertheless deficient in many of those qualities necessary to obtain popularity. The story itself, which is that of the ill-fated loves and singular fortune of Abbassah and Giaffier—the sister and the favoured vizier of Haroun Al-Raschid, is in itself well adapted to poetry: it is one that affords great scope for the delineation of conflicting passions—for deep pathos, romantic situation, and rich description: it is however related in so obscure a manner—the actors are so indistinctly and briefly

presented to our view, and so much is left to surmise and conjecture, that it requires no small attention to make out the events. The author's powers seem better adapted to lyric than to narrative composition—to the ornamental arabesque of poetry, than to distinct and definite painting; notwithstanding, therefore, the elegance of many of the details, the appropriateness of the images and allusions, and impassioned warmth of many passages, the interest of the whole falls considerably below what might be expected; and the reader ultimately closes the volume with a feeling very much akin to disappointment or dissatisfaction. In fact, many of the principal situations, or what at least might have been rendered such, are little more than hinted at.

It would not be difficult to point out many poetical productions that have appeared within the course of a few years, exhibiting much polish of versification, a certain elegance of language, and beauty of imagery, and which yet have been very coldly received by the public; or, to speak perhaps more correctly, have fallen almost unnoticed from the press, partly from want of originality, and partly from want of a leading and commanding interest of subject. Whatever be the merit of detached parts or of mere embellishments, these alone will not sustain the reader's attention, at least not in a production of any length.

There is so little of incident in this poem, that we shall merely select one or two passages, as specimens of the writer's style, and of the oriental richness—so well according with the subject, with which he expresses himself. The first of these alludes to the disgrace of Giaffier, who had been sentenced by the caliph to an ignominious death, for having transgressed the conditions on which he received the hand of the monarch's sister, namely, that he should not enjoy the privileges of a husband, but see his bride only in the presence of her royal brother:—

"How is thy power, thy greatness fled,
Last—noblest of the noblest race!—
How quench'd the star that wont to shed
Its glories o'er thy resting place!
Where are they flown—the wise, the proud,
Who to thy voice submissive bow'd?—
Where are they now,—the pomps of state,
The emir train that throng'd thy gate;
The silent slaves that watch'd thy nod,
The suppliant crowds thy courts that trod:
Thy halls, where nations tributes brought,—
Thy smile, that kings with presents sought,—
Thy baths, where beauty loosed her zone,—
Thy bowers, that rung with music's tone,—
Where Barmek's race, through earth's wide
bound

For wealth, for worth, for power renown'd?—
Where she, the pearl of Asia's pride,
Soul of thy heart, thy royal bride?
And valour's meed, and wisdom's fame,
And woman's love, and man's acclaim?—
Oh! could not all prolong thy date
And fortune's signet seal thy fate?—
They win, alas! no homage now—
Where is thy promise!—Where art thou!
No voice awakes—no mourners rave—
No echo answers in the grave!
How art thou fallen!—thine honour'd name
Sun of the morning, sets in shame:

The Sangiac blast that breathed thy doom,
Scatter'd thine ashes from the tomb,
And dies upon the minstrel's tongue
The sound, once worshipp'd, loved, and sung!
How art thou fallen!—yet, outcast here,
Oh! yet accept this grateful tear:
Deep in the heart that silent swells
Inscribed thy cherish'd memory dwells;
And though no sigh its sorrows breathe,
Thy name shall ever live beneath!
In vain would hands the shrine deface,
Thy glory consecrates the place;
The furrow'd soil and scatter'd stone
Recall the heart to thee alone;
And Desolation o'er the scene
Broods but to mark that thou hast been!"

The following extract, too, contains great merit. Abbassah is relating her betrothment to, and affection for Giaffier:—

'I ran, with restless feet, to press
The garden's fragrant wilderness,
And sought my bower: but could not stay,
Some feeling forced my steps to stray:
Wide stretch'd above the broad, blue sky,
Fresh worlds seem'd opening from on high;
Where'er I moved an Eden bloom'd;
A secret bliss my breast illum'd;
Rapt, as when first the spirit eyes
The blooming bowers of Paradise,
And feels its balmy gales bestow
A purer sense—a holier glow.—
Earth, air, and heaven, appear'd my own;
Throughout their space I breathed alone;
All nature thrill'd with ecstasy;
Creation hung outspread for me;
And brightly smiled the future then,
As life could never frown again.
My heart was heaven!—but oh! how fast
The visionary transport pass'd!—
For though at times the thoughts of clay
Through fields of æther, floating, stray,
The habitant of skies alone;
And deem that sting of meaner care
Can never reach the child of air—
Too soon will earth reclaim her own;
And fancy droop her eagle wing,
And sink in human suffering.

'My soul grew weary, as each day
Long lingering, slowly roll'd away,
And sigh'd to feel the moments creep
O'er the dull torpor of its sleep;
But, when 'twas o'er, and welcome night
Returning, brought my life of light,
That dearest presence earth could give;—
Then, only then, I seem'd to live!
Whate'er the lapse of time appears
Life counts by feelings, not by years;
Years pass as instants—hours embrace
Ages within their labouring space.
I felt earth's general glow pervade
My breast, despite El Raschid's shade,
And bow'd before my bosom's lord
In mad idolatry adored,
For him my kindled spirit caught
The flashes of creative thought,
Whose teeming stores spontaneous rise
When inspiration's power supplies
For him my lute's soft echoes found
A softer charm, a dearer sound;
For him the spell by passion thrown
Breathed in my voice's deepen'd tone;
Mine was the state of Israhin,
And heaven was center'd all in him!
The icy barriers of his faith
Dissolved at length in passion's breath,
Though long in fateful balance swung
The alternate scale, as loyalty

'Twixt love and duty doubtful hung :—

That pause endear'd him more to me ;
So the cold stream of fabled fame
Gave to the torch its fiery flame ;
So wax dissolving in the sun,
Receives its impress from the stone.

'Vain is his will who seeks to bind
Beneath his sway th' unfetter'd mind,
That, all unbroken to the rein,
Knows not, or spurns, the despot's chain:
Fail'd not his mandate to enslave
The heavings of the ocean wave ?—
And, if the passing gust can shake
His reign, and bid those depths awake,
How vain must human mandate prove
That strives to stem the course of love !'

We have room only to add a beautiful and spirited apostrophe to Hope :—

'Spirit of Hope!—mysterious name!

Thou messenger of joy and light,
Whose gift the soul with strength supplies
To spurn the scene that round her lies,
And mingles with the distant skies

Before their glories fade in night ;
Bright emanation of that sphere
Where all is bliss !—descending here
To add thy blessing to the store

When the full heart can ask no more :
Or, ministrant in hours of ill,
Unwearying angel !—watchest still
The world-deserted couch, and cheerest

With phantasies, the loveliest—dearest ;
Shall man, who sees so quickly flee
The bliss he knows not but in thee,
Presume thy sacred power to blame ?
And chide thy bright foretaste of heaven
Because to grosser sense ungiven ?—
Bless'd from thy Zingian's fountain head
O'er all this heart the waters spread,
That still, with freshening charm, constrain
Its withered flower to bloom again !'

The writer is evidently a scholar as well as a poet, and of his acquaintance with the Persian language, his notes afford many proofs.

STRUTT'S SYLVA BRITANNICA.

WE have already noticed this splendid and national work as a production of art, but it is entitled to some attention on account of its literary merit. The descriptions of the several trees are very well written, combining historical research, scientific knowledge, good taste, and sound reflection. The author frequently introduces snatches of verse very appropriately. With these remarks, we shall proceed to notice a few of the extraordinary trees, which are delineated so admirably, and so well described in the *Sylva Britannica*.

It is not, we believe, generally known that the oak, under favourable circumstances, attains an age far beyond that which has been assigned it by popular belief, namely, a hundred years for its growth, a hundred for its maturity, and a hundred for its decline. The Swilcar oak, in Needwood Forest, Staffordshire, of which Mr. Strutt gives a beautiful etching, is known, by historical documents, to be at this time six hundred years old ; and it is still far from being in the last stage of decay. This oak, at the height of six feet from the ground, measures twenty-one feet four inches and a half in girth.

The Beggar's Oak, in Bagot's Park, near Litchfield, forms a very picturesque and in-

teresting engraving. The tree is low, but spreads its branches about sixteen yards from its trunk in every direction, the scenery around it appears extremely beautiful, and in the foreground there are some wild goats of a peculiar race, the ancestors of which were originally presented by Richard the Second to one of Lord Bagot's ancestors. The Beggar's Oak measures eight hundred and seventy-seven cubic feet of timber, and with the bark, would, at a price offered for it, in 1812, have produced upwards of £200.

This oak is, however, much inferior in size to the great oak at Fredville, which forms the third plate ; it stands in the park at Fredville, in the parish of Nonnington, Kent, belonging to John Plumtree, Esq. At eight feet from the ground, its circumference exceeds twenty-eight feet, and it contains above fourteen hundred feet of timber.

The wood of the cedar is perhaps the most imperishable of any timber, and it is recorded, that in the temple of Apollo, at Utica, there was found timber of cedar nearly two thousand years old.

'The yew tree,' says Mr. Strutt, 'lives to a great age ; indeed, it can scarcely ever be said to die, new shoots perpetually springing out from the old and withered stock. The yew tree, at Ankerwyke House, near Staines, the seat of John Blagrove, Esq., is supposed to have flourished there upwards of a thousand years. Tradition says, that Henry VIII. occasionally met Anne Boleyn under the lugubrious shade of its spreading branches, at such times as she was placed in the neighbourhood of Staines, in order to be near Windsor. It is, however, more pleasing to view this tree as the silent witness of the conferences of those brave barons, who afterwards compelled King John to sign Magna Charta, in its immediate vicinity, between Runnymede and Ankerwyke House, than as the involuntary confidant of loves so unhal- lowed and so unblest as those of Henry and Anne Boleyn.'

There is something very remarkable in the oak, since a tree, which, three hundred years old, was sound, and five feet in diameter, like the Langley oak, would, if left to perish gradually, in its thousandth year, become a shell of ten feet diameter.

The Abbots' Oak, at Woburn Abbey, which forms the tenth engraving, is of slender dimensions ; it is, however, remarkable, as being, according to tradition, the tree on which the abbot of the monastery, with the vicar of Puddington, was hanged, in the year 1537, by order of Henry VIII., for refusing to give up his monastery, according to the decree of that rapacious and arbitrary monarch.

The chesnut obtains a prodigious growth, and Brydone assures us, that the one upon Mount Etna, which is hollow, was two hundred and four feet round in the inside. Carrera's assertion, that there was wood enough in this single tree to build a large palace, can, therefore, scarcely be considered as an exaggeration.

In Knole Park, Kent, is a beech tree, the circumference of which, at three feet from the ground, is twenty-four feet ; at ten feet it is

twenty-seven. It rises to the height of one hundred and five feet ; in extent of boughs, is one hundred and twenty-three, and contains four hundred and ninety-eight feet of solid timber.

In Moor Park, Hertfordshire, the family seat of Robert Williams, Esq., is a beautiful specimen of the lime tree. It stands upon a little eminence, and finely terminates a row of stately limes, which bound one side of the park for more than three quarters of a mile ; all of which are more lofty, and some of larger girth than this, but none equalling it in luxuriance of shade and redundancy of branches, nineteen of which almost rivalling the parent stem, have, at about nine feet from the ground, struck out in horizontal lines, to the length of from sixty-seven to seventy-one feet ; and from six to eight feet in circumference, bearing again in their turn three or four upright links, like so many young trees. Its circumference is twenty-three feet three inches, and it is nearly a hundred feet in height.

At Mongewell, in Oxfordshire, are some stately elms, close to the residence of the late Bishop of Durham, whose property they were.

'The principal tree among them is seventy-nine feet in height, fourteen in circumference at three feet from the ground, sixty-five in extent of boughs, and contains two hundred and fifty-six feet of solid timber. About the centre of the groupe stands an urn, with the following inscription :—

"To the Memory
of my

Two highly-valued Friends,
Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq.

and

The Rev. C. M. Cracherode, M. A.

'In this once-favour'd walk, beneath these
elms,

Whose thicken'd foliage, to the solar ray
Impervious, sheds a venerable gloom,
Oft in instructive converse we beguiled
The fervid time, which each returning year
To friendship's call devoted. Such things were ;
But are, alas ! no more."—S. DUNELIN.

The Shelton oak, which stands on the road side, where the Pool road diverges from that which leads to Oswestry, about a mile and a half from Shrewsbury, is of great antiquity. Tradition, indeed, relates that, just before the famous battle of Shrewsbury, June 21, 1403, headed on one side by Henry IV. in person, and on the other by the gallant Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, Owen Glendower, the powerful Welsh chieftain, and the firm adherent of the English insurgents, ascended this tree, and from its lofty branches, then most probably in the full pride of their vigour, reconnoitred the state of the field.

Plate twenty-one contains the yew trees at Fountain Abbey, in Studley Park, near Ripon, a place which combines the beauties of nature and art in the highest degree. These trees, which are, we believe, called the Seven Sisters, overlook the ruins of Fountain's Abbey, a celebrated monastery, which was founded in the year 1132, by Thurstan, Archbishop of York. Of these trees, Mr. Strutt well observes :—

'There is something extremely captivating to the imagination in the thought, that these venerable trees have witnessed the first rearing of the noble edifice, on whose ruins they seem to look in sympathetic decay. They may be imagined as addressing them—

"O our co-evals, remnants of ourselves!" indeed, every thing connected with them is calculated to awaken the fancy of the poet and the painter, and the reflections of the moralist.'

The great ash, at Woburn, is an extraordinary specimen of the size which this tree will obtain in favourable situations. It is ninety feet high from the ground to the top of the branches; and the stem alone is twenty-eight feet. It is twenty-three feet six inches in circumference on the ground, twenty at one foot, and fifteen feet three inches at three feet from the ground. It contains eight hundred and seventy-two feet of timber.

Mr. Strutt gives an excellent account of almost every sort of tree, which, in this country, attains extraordinary growth; and, among others, the willow, of which there is a singular specimen on the grounds of John Benjafield, Esq., at Bury Saint Edmunds, called the Abbots' Willow. It is of great age—the growth of centuries, and yet does not exhibit the least symptoms of decay. Its height is seventy-five feet; the circumference of the stem eighteen feet six inches; the *ambitus* of the bough is two hundred and four feet, and contains four hundred and fifty feet of solid timber.

At Bury St. Edmunds, there is also a very fine black poplar, ninety feet high and fifteen feet in circumference: the trunk is forty-five feet high, with little diminution in size.

The Cowthorpe Oak, (plate xxv.) near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, is of almost incredible dimensions. Within three feet of the surface, it measures sixteen yards, and close to the ground, twenty-six yards in circumference. Its height is about eighty-five feet, and its principal limb extends sixteen yards from the trunk.

At Huntingford, in Suffolk, is a remarkable tree, called Queen Elizabeth's Oak, and tradition relates, that from this tree, which was a great favourite with her, our maiden queen shot a buck with her own hand. The great hall of the mansion here, belonging to Lord Hunsdon, was built round six straight massy oaks, which originally supported the roof as they grew; and upon these the foresters and yeomen of the guard used to hang their nets, cross-bows, hunting poles, saddles, &c.

In Cobham Park is a sycamore tree of great dimensions, being twenty-six feet in circumference at the ground, and ninety-four feet in height.

Few trees are, perhaps, better known than the Crawley Elm, on the high road from London to Brighton.

'It is a well-known object to all who are in the habit of travelling that way, and arrests the eye of the stranger at once, by its tall and straight stem, which ascends to the height of seventy feet, and by the fantastic ruggedness of its wildly spreading roots. Its trunk is perforated to the very top, measuring sixty-

one feet in circumference at the ground, and thirty-five feet round the inside at two feet from the base.'

In Yardley Forest stand two huge oaks, called Gog and Magog. The largest of them, Gog, measures thirty-eight feet at the roots, twenty-eight feet at three feet from the ground, is fifty-eight feet high, and contains sixteen hundred and sixty-eight feet of solid timber. Magog is more imposing in dimensions, measuring fifty-four feet four inches at the ground, and thirty-one feet three inches at three feet higher, but in height it is inferior, being forty-nine feet; its solid contents are nine hundred and twelve feet ten inches. These brief extracts will not give a sufficient idea of Mr. Strutt's style, and we, therefore, subjoin a more lengthened extract, in a description of the famous Wallace Oak:—

'There is, perhaps, no name in the annals of Scotland more justly celebrated than that of Wallace; one of the bravest of her heroes and most disinterested of her patriots. Hence his steps are pointed out, wherever they can be traced, with almost religious reverence; the mountain path which he may have tracked, the headlong torrent which he may have crossed, the rugged fastness in which he may have entrenched himself, still bear his name in many parts of the country, and still invite the wanderings and charm the imagination of those who are capable of feeling the force of the sublime sentiment,

"Dulce et decorum est propatria mori."

'Among the memorials to the fame of Wallace, which the gratitude of posterity has delighted to point out, the trees under which he is known to have reposed or encamped, have been treated with a degree of attachment, which, defeating its aim in its excess, has ultimately caused the destruction of the object it wished to commemorate. Hence the famous oak in Torwood is no longer remaining. It stood in the middle of a swampy moss, having a causeway round it; but the last fragments of its ruins have been carried off by the pilgrims whom its fame attracted, and only the spot on which it stood now remains for them to pay their devotions to. Of Earnside Wood, where Wallace defeated the English on the 12th of June, 1298, and which formerly stretched four miles along the shores of the Frith, not a vestige is left; and in the same manner, many other individual trees and woodland tracks, once rendered interesting by being associated with the valiant darings and hair-breadth 'scapes of Wallace, have bowed before the warring elements, or the un pitying axe. One oak, which bears his name, still, however, survives, and is, perhaps, more interesting than any of those we may otherwise lament, on account of its standing immediately at the place of his birth, which was Ellerslie, or Elderslee, three miles to the south-west of Paisley, in Renfrewshire. It is mentioned by Semple, in his Continuation of Crawford's History of Renfrewshire, as "the large oak tree, which is still standing alone, in a little inclosure, a few yards south from the great road between Paisley and Kilbarchan: being on the east side of Elderslee rivulet, where there is a stone bridge with one arch, the manor of

Elderslee being a few yards distant from the rivulet on the west side. They say that Sir William Wallace and three hundred of his men hid themselves upon that tree, among the branches, (the tree being then in full blossom,) from the English. The tree is indeed very large, and well spread in the branches, being about twelve feet in circumference. The present dimensions of the Wallace oak, as communicated by Mr. Macquister, an accurate land surveyor, are twenty-one feet in circumference at the ground: and at five feet from it, thirteen feet two inches. It is sixty-seven feet in height, and its branches extend on the east side to forty-five feet, on the west to thirty-six, on the south to thirty, and on the north to twenty-five, covering altogether an extent of nineteen English, or fifteen Scots' poles, land measure. According to the testimony of aged residents in the neighbourhood, the branches of this tree, about thirty years ago, covered above a Scotch acre of ground; and one old person in particular, a lame man, who was present at its measurement, pointed out a spot on the ancient turnpike road, forty yards north from the trunk of the tree, where he said that, when young, he used to strike the branches with his stilt. This renders the account of the extent of ground it formerly covered worthy of belief; as well as the number of men which tradition reports it to have concealed, along with their brave leader, by whose name it is known. It is a peculiarity in the trees in this part of Renfrewshire, that their branches generally extend more to the south and east than to the north and west. The Wallace oak seems destined in sharing the fate of others of its brethren, who have been honoured by sheltering the hero Wallace, to share their fate likewise of despoliation; every year its branches pay tribute to its renown, and the western Highlanders in particular carry off relics from it in abundance, which threatens extinction at no very distant period to the parent stem, unless it be prevented from further violence.'

REYNOLDS'S LIFE AND TIMES.

(Concluded from p. 361.)

No part of Mr. Reynolds's work is, perhaps, more amusing than what relates to his early life, and thus, like Mr. Mathews, his 'youthful days' are among the best of his entertainments. We have already stated that Mr. Wilkes was a client of Mr. Reynolds's father, and as the hero of *The North Briton* was not the most passive of God's creatures, he had frequent cause to see his solicitor, which produced an intimacy between the two families, and that intimacy has, of course, its anecdote, which we shall quote in Mr. Reynolds's own words:—

'The day before the commencement of the Westminster plays, he took me to Prince's Court, to see Wilkes. My father and he conversed for a short time apart on business, and then, as I afterwards learned, concerning me and my education. This led to a curious equivoque, for Wilkes, turning suddenly towards me said, in his usual urbane manner, "Well, my boy, how far have you got?" I, whose mind was wholly occupied

by our late removal from Salisbury Square, replied, "As far as the Adelphi, sir."

"Upon my word," rejoined Wilkes, "your son, Reynolds, is very forward for his age."

"Forward, indeed!" cried my father, smiling; "Why Fred, you young rogue, you know nothing of Terence?"

"Don't I," replied I, rather snappishly, "why you yourself saw me with him this very day, and I heard him tell you, that your upper story was in a very bad condition."

"Ho, ho!" said my father, laughing heartily: "I understand the matter now; he means Terence, the foreman to the three Adams, who built the Adelphi."

"I see," Wilkes replied, joining my father in his laugh; then added, "If his blunders be always as amusing as the present, the more frequently Miss Wilkes and I see our young friend the better."

"A member of the House of Commons, not long deceased, whenever he quoted Latin, used to translate the passage "for the benefit of the country gentlemen," so, for their benefit, and that of their ladies, allow me to state that Terence, (not the above-mentioned carpenter,) but the Carthaginian, wrote a comedy called the Adelphi."

Another juvenile story will, we are sure, be relished when our readers learn that it relates to the celebrated William Pitt; in it they will, we think, observe the same heartlessness which characterized him in afterlife; for, great as were his talents, he was never remarkable for his delicacy of feeling either in public or private life. In this respect he differed from his pupil, the late Lord Castlereagh, who, however severe he might be as a politician, was in private life one of the most amiable of men; but to Frederic Reynolds and the embryo premier of England:

"The next day we went to Southbarrow, and my father having law business to transact at Hayes, he allowed me to ride with him, purposely to see the great Lord Chatham, who was then there. His lordship, I remember, was very kind to me, and on quitting the room with my father, desired his son William Pitt, then a boy about four years older than I was, to remain with, and amuse me, during their absence."

"Somehow, I did not feel quite bold on being left alone with this young gentleman. For a time he never spoke, and I never spoke, till at last, slyly glancing at him, to learn who was to commence the conversation, and observing mischief gathering in the corner of his eye, I retired to the window; "But gained nothing by my motion." He silently approached, and sharply tapping me on the shoulder, cried jeeringly, as he pointed to my feet, "So, my little hero, do you usually walk in spurs?"

"Walk?" I replied: "I rode here on my own pony."

"Your own pony!"—he repeated with affected astonishment; "Your own pony?—upon my word!—and pray, what colour may he be?—probably blue, pink, or pompadour?"

"At this moment, the present Lord Chatham entering the room, the tormentor ex-

claimed, "I give you joy, brother, for you are now standing in the presence of no less a personage than the proprietor of the pompadour pony!"

"His brother frowned at him, and I was bursting with rage and vexation, when he coolly turned towards me, and said, "Your life is too valuable to be sported with. I hope you ride in armour?"

"Be quiet, William,—don't trifle so," cried his brother.

"I am serious, John," he replied; "and if for the benefit of the present race, he will do his utmost to preserve his life, I will take care it shall not be lost to posterity, for as my father intends writing a history of the late and present reigns, mark my words, my little proprietor, I will find a niche for you and your pompadour pony in the History of England."

"I could no longer restrain my spleen, and fairly stamped with passion to his great amusement. At this moment, the door opening, my facetious tormentor instantly cantered to the opposite side of the room, after the manner of a broken down pony, and then placing his finger on his lips, as if to forbid all tale-telling, disappeared at the other entrance."

"In course, every feeling of rage was smothered in the presence of the great Lord Chatham, and my father having taken his leave, mounted his horse, and trotted through the Park; I following him on my pony, and delighting in my escape. But as I reached the gates, I was crossed in my path "by the fiend again"—but, agreeably crossed, for he shook me by the hand with much good-humour, playfully asked my pardon, and then added, patting my pony, "He should at all times be happy to find both of us accommodation at Hayes, instead of a niche in the History of England."

The interview with Pitt succeeded the day on which the anecdote of Wilkes and Reynolds occurred, and on the third day of this *prolific* week, we have an adventure *excessively* romantic. Mr. Richard Reynolds, who had the ill manners to come into the world before our author, was one day preparing to go to a dinner-party in Pall Mall, when he received a letter brought by a porter from an anonymous writer, informing him that a Captain Smith had been called a black legs at the Bedford, by a person who, the captain was informed, was Mr. Richard Reynolds. With the advice of his father, however, Mr. R. did not notice this letter, but proceeded to join the party to which he had been invited. Now for the author's narrative of what ensued:—

"After dinner, my brother "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," accompanied his host to his box at opera. For a short time, the dancing of Baccelli solely engaged Richard's attention; but it was suddenly withdrawn, by something in the adjoining box far more attractive. This something was an extremely handsome woman, the wife of Sir Charles ———, a baronet of fashion and fortune. At her Richard gazed, and glanced, and sighed so deeply, that he rendered himself not only ridiculously

conspicuous to the object of his idolatry, but to her whole party; amongst which, was rather a rare character at the opera, — a loving, jealous husband.

"The ballet being concluded, the lady and her friends left the box, followed at a respectful distance, by the enamoured, tipsy Richard. They entered the hall, the carriage was announced, and he was on the point of losing his fair innamorata when the violent pressure of the crowd momentarily separated her from her party. "Seizing the golden opportunity," Richard gallantly advanced, and triumphantly handled her into the carriage; when forgetful of his usual good taste and good manners, he placed his foot on the step with the intention of accompanying her.

"At this unlucky moment "the green eyed monster," the furious husband darted forward, and grasped his arm; high words ensued; and cards were exchanged, Richard putting into his pocket that of Sir Charles ———, Lower Grosvenor Street, and the husband putting into his pocket that of "Mr. Richard Reynolds, John Street, Adelphi." After this preamble, to another exchange, I mean to that of shots, Sir Charles ———, instead of getting into the carriage, proceeded towards White's in a fit of spleen, leaving his wife to return alone.

"The disappointed Richard, in the interim, also attempted to bend his way homewards, but from the increasing effects of the wine, he lost all recollection. After wandering for some time in St. James's Square, he at length, completely confused and exhausted, seated himself under a portico, and instantly fell asleep. In this condition, a watchman discovered him, and after several vain attempts to awaken him, committed him to the guardianship of the chairmen of an empty sedan that was passing at the moment. Into this, with some difficulty, they had placed their torpid load, and were preparing to depart, when one of the chairmen cried to the watchman, "Paddy, Paddy, who is he, and where is the direction post?"

"True, Phelim," added his brother in portorage, "at this rate, we may come out with him at the world's end, and be no jot the richer or wiser."

"Faith, he is no acquaintance of mine, honies," replied the watchman; "but if on searching him, I find nothing of the jontleman about him, by the powers, I'll coolly house him with the constable of the night."

"The search commenced—no letter—no memorandum—poor Richard was in dreadful peril, when a solitary card was discovered and by the light of his lantern, the watchman read aloud, "Sir Charles ———, Lower Grosvenor Street." This was the passport, and away they trotted, much gratified by so sufficient and satisfactory a direction.

"Arriving in the above-mentioned street at one o'clock in the morning, with the supposed baronet, (and drawn blinds, to prevent an exposition of his humiliating situation,) the chairman knocked, and a servant appeared. On their inquiry, whether that were the house of Sir Charles ———, and

receiving an answer in the affirmative, the chair was conveyed into the hall. The Paddies explained to the servant how and where they found his master, and showed his card.

'As this was an unusual occurrence, the servant alarmed, feared to disturb the baronet, till he had received the instructions of her ladyship; who having awaited the return of her husband a considerable time, had at length retired to her room. The servant therefore sent one of her women to inform her of his master's arrival, and then with the assistance of the chairmen, removed the chair into the library, when they themselves were sent below to wait for further orders.

'The minor performers having left the stage, the principal now remained solus. My brother having awakened, and raised the lid of the chair, and finding himself housed, at first naturally thought some kind person had conducted him home—but great were both his surprise and alarm, when he discovered that he was in a strange house.

'Eager for explanation, he was proceeding to ring the bell, when he heard a loud knocking at the street-door, and at the same instant the loved cause of his pursuit, the identical fair one of the Opera, rushed into the room. Breathless with joy and astonishment, he stood motionless; when the baronet's wife, deceived by the imperfect light of a single wax taper, and half blinded by her agitation, rushed into her supposed husband's arms, who, "nothing loth," was about to return her embrace, when lo! the real husband entered, and stood aghast. Rage deprived him of utterance; his wife, confounded by her error, seized her husband's hand, and wept in silent entreaty; while Richard completely sobered, explained and apologized.

'By degrees the baronet yielded to the naiveté of my brother's account, his own reflections, and the corroborating testimony of the chairmen; when suddenly his passion again broke forth, and he exclaimed—"This is not the only provocation I have received from you. Do you know a Captain Smith, sir?" "I have heard," replied my brother, "of such a man this evening, for the ——" "Hear me then, sir!" interrupted the impetuous baronet: "passing up St. James's Street not half an hour ago, and assisting in emancipating this Captain Smith from a ring of pickpockets, he would not leave me till he was informed where he was to call to return his thanks. I gave him my own address as I thought, but unluckily it proved to be your card. He had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he cried—"So, sir, I have found you at last!" and was proceeding to use the most intemperate language, when fortunately for both parties, a friend explained to him his error; otherwise, sir, there I should have been as much indebted to Mr. Richard Reynolds for the loan of his name and character, as I am here for the unexpected pleasure of his company."

'To conclude, it was at length determined to postpone all further discussion till the morrow; Richard pledging his honour that the baronet should then one way or another have satisfaction. My brother kept his word,

for having gone to the Bedford, and learned from Captain Smith himself, that another Mr. Richard Reynolds had been his trader, he and the captain proceeded together to Grosvenor Street; where, instead of the anticipated exchange of shots, they exchanged apologies, and there the matter amicably terminated.

Anecdotes come thick upon us, for we have not travelled over a score of pages since the commencement of this our third notice, when we find the following amusing adventure of the Lord Chancellor Northington who, by the bye, was one of the most profane swearers that ever presumed to the rank of gentleman:—

'One rainy afternoon his lordship plainly dressed, walking in Parliament Street, picked up a handsome ring, which, according to custom, (in past, and I believe, in present times,) was immediately claimed by a gentleman ring-dropper, who on receiving his lost treasure, appeared so joyful and grateful, that he insisted on the unknown finder accompanying him to an adjoining coffee-house, to crack a bottle at his (the ring gentleman's) expense.

'Being in the humour for a joke, Lord Northington acceded, and followed him to the coffee-house; where they were shown into a private room, and over the bottle for a time discussed indifferent topics. At length they were joined by certain confederates; and then hazard being proposed, the chancellor heard one whisper the other—"Damn the loaded dice—he is not not worth the trouble—pick the old flat's pocket at once!"

'On this the lord chancellor discovered himself, and told them if they would frankly confess why they were induced to suppose him so enormous a flat, he would probably forget their present misdemeanour. Instantly with all due respect they replied: "We beg your lordship's pardon, but whenever we see a gentleman in white stockings on a dirty day, we consider him a capital pigeon, and pluck his feathers as we hoped to have plucked your lordship's."

A singular instance of the respect or awe inspired by genius is related by Mr. Harris, the late manager of Covent Garden Theatre, who, speaking of Garrick, says:—

'A few nights ago, whilst waiting for him at the stage door, till he had concluded the closet-scene in Hamlet, I was so awe-struck by the splendour of his talent, that, though from long intimacy Garrick and I always address each other by our Christian names, on this occasion when he quitted the stage, and advanced to shake hands with me, I found myself involuntarily receding—calling him sir!—and bowing with reverence. He stared, and expressing a doubt of my sanity, I explained; on which he acknowledged with a smile of gratification, "that next to Partridge's description of him in Tom Jones, this was the most genuine compliment he had ever received."

Mr. Reynolds witnessed Garrick's farewell, where a curious incident occurred, which is a good specimen of Irish ingenuity. Mr. R. says:—

'Though a side-box close to where we sat,

was completely filled, we beheld the door burst open, and an Irish gentleman attempt to make entry, *vi et armis*—"Shut the door, box-keeper!" loudly cried some of the party—"There's room by the powers!" cried the Irishman, and persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman in the second row, rose, and exclaimed, "Turn out that blackguard!" "Oh! and is that your mode, honey?" coolly retorted the Irishman; "come, come out, my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith, you coward, and shillaly you through the lobby!"

'This public insult left the tenant in possession no alternative; so he rushed out to accept the challenge; when, to the pit's general amusement, the Irishman jumped into his place, and having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round and cried—"I'll talk to you after the play is over."

The late Lord Erskine was a visitor at the house of the elder Mr. Reynolds, who appears to have been a very amiable and estimable man. Erskine had then relinquished the army and the navy for the law:—

'Little,' says Mr. R. 'did I then think that this young student, who resided in small lodgings at Hampstead, and openly avowed that he lived on cow beef, because he could not afford to purchase any of a superior quality—dressed shabbily, expressed the greatest gratitude to Mr. Harris for occasional free admissions, and used boastfully to exclaim to my father, "Thank Fortune, out of my own family I don't know a lord"—little did I then think that I should ever live to see this distressed personage in possession of a peerage, the seals, and the annual receipt of above fifteen thousand pounds. But want of income, that great professional stimulant, urged him into action; and, aided by strong natural talents and increasing industry, his consequent success and rise were so rapid, that I remember Murphy, the dramatic author always calling him the "balloon barrister."'

'One of his first clients was Admiral Koppel, who, being brought to a court martial by Sir Hugh Palliser and acquitted, presented his successful young advocate with a bank note of one thousand pounds. Mr. Erskine showed us this novel sight and exclaimed—"Voilà the nonsuit of cow beef, my good friends!"'

Robinson Crusoeus. Latine scripsit F. J. GOUFFAUX, Humaniorum Litterarum Olim Professor. 5th Edition. 18mo. pp. 274. Paris, 1825.

WHEN the republic of the United States was established, the government took into consideration the necessity of forming a national library, and each member of Congress was requested to write a list of such books as he recommended; when a venerable gentleman rose, and said he need not write a list, as he had only two books to propose; these were Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress. This was one of the many proofs of the wide-spreading and unfading popularity of those works, and therefore we are not surprised to find Robinson translated into Latin, which is done very successfully in this little volume:

and the only fault we have to find is, that the author did not suffer our old friend Friday to retain his English appellation instead of Gallicising him into *Vendredi*.

THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE following account of the Jesuit colleges in Great Britain is extracted from a new work just published, entitled *Ireland in Past Times* :—

‘The order of the Jesuits was expelled from England by proclamation of James the First, 1604; from Venice in 1606; from Portugal, 1759; from France, 1764; Spain and Sicily in 1767, and totally abolished by Clement the Fourteenth, 1773.

‘This commanding order is now revived. A college is erected in the very centre of England, and in Ireland the order has attained influence: there is a very extensive establishment of them at Castlebrown, in the county of Kildare. In the year 1814, Castlebrown was purchased of Wogan Brown, Esq. by the Jesuits, for a college, at the sum of £16,000. Only four Jesuits then came from Palermo; they were Irishmen, educated abroad: each had a peculiar department assigned him. Mr. Kenny, the principal, subsequently passed over to America, to found an establishment there; he however returned, a Mr. Aylmer being the principal. In 1817 they had two hundred pupils only; but were building additions to accommodate five hundred, besides novitiates to increase the order. In the short space of time since their purchase they had built nearly a little town, at the rear of the college, having their own artisans and tradesmen, all belonging to the order as lay brothers. Many more individuals resorted thither from Italy and from Russia, when the Emperor Alexander banished them from his empire.

‘The strictest silence is observed by the pupils, who appear not to dare to speak without permission of their tutors: besides the regular pupils there are a number of paupers, whom they teach gratuitously. Their refectory in the new building is eighty feet in length. The dormitories are admirably constructed; one of them contains one hundred and forty-four beds, placed in squares of sixteen in a square, and built up like pews in a church, so that no pupil can be overlooked. Six of the tutors watch in turns during the night, that not a word may be spoken. The boys have a separate apartment wherein they wash, and in another they dress. In the latter boxes are ranged round, containing brushes, combs, &c. In all the apartments occupied by the pupils there are private closets, from which every thing passing can be seen and heard, without the boys suspecting they are watched. They all answer, not to their names but their number, and that is increasing every day from the reputation of the college. They know nothing of their own clothes, but when new ones are required they find them provided, and no inquiry is to be made about them. When the weather is unfavourable they exercise in the cloisters, which surround three sides of the building.

‘The correspondence of this society is ex-

tensive, and they have succeeded in having a post-office established at Clare, the nearest village to the college. They do not deny being Jesuits, and wear the peculiar habit of their order. Their last general was a native of Poland, named Broniski. A few years since there was an election for a new one, when a deputation from Castlebrown went to Rome to attend. Their general, chosen for life by deputies from different societies, possesses a supreme and independent power, extending to every person and every case. By his sole authority he nominates or removes every officer of the order: in him is vested the sovereign administration of the funds and revenues, which are large; to his commands every member is required, not only to yield outward obedience, but to resign up his sentiments, will, and inclination:—in fact, mere passive instruments to execute his mandates. There is not in the annals of mankind such a complete despotism, and that not executed over a confined body but over men dispersed throughout the whole earth.

‘Every novice who offers himself as a candidate for entering the order is obliged to manifest his conscience to the superior, and is required to confess, not only his sins and defects, but to discover the inclinations, passions, and bias of his soul, and this must be renewed every six months. Not satisfied by thus penetrating into the recesses of the heart, each member is directed to observe vigilantly the words and actions of the novices, they are constituted spies upon their conduct, and are bound to disclose every thing of importance concerning them to the superior, and these reports are faithfully and regularly transmitted to the general, with the most minute details respecting the character of each person, his abilities natural and acquired, his temper, experience in affairs, and the particular department for which he is best calculated. These reports, digested and arranged, are registered, that the general may at one comprehensive view survey the state of the society in every corner of the earth, and be able to choose the instruments which his absolute power can employ in any service for which he sees meet to destine them. It is obvious that this system of profound and artful policy must effect a mighty change in the opinions of those submitted to its action.

‘This order have an establishment also at Hardwicke Place, Dublin, and the members frequently preach charity sermons in the several papal chapels in the metropolis. There is a branch society connected with them in another part of Kildare to that we have mentioned. They are very reserved in replying to any questions or inquiries respecting their society, pretending not to hear, or else evade: on a visitor inquiring at Castlebrown if they were aided by private subscriptions, the reply of the member addressed was—“That door, sir, leads to such an apartment.”

‘Their influence is very great: since they settled in the county all Roman Catholic servants are forbidden to attend domestic prayer in the protestant families where they live: and very few are suffered to peruse any books.’

BLLENHEIM.

[The following spirited account of Blenheim is from the posthumous Work of Mrs. Radcliffe.]

‘LOVELY day. At eleven, walked through the park. The triumphal arch at the entrance has too much the air of a merely handsome gateway; the convenient division into passages, in the ordinary mode of considerable gates, leaves nothing appropriate to fame. The view of the park, with the turrets of the palace, of the mass of wood beyond, the verdant sweep of the intermediate ground, that descends to the water, with the water itself, and the Palladian bridge beyond, is very striking, a few paces after the entrance. The palace itself, though here seen beyond and over clumps of trees, appears to greater advantage than when more distinctly viewed: its many turrets, now beheld in clusters, have an air of grandeur, which they want when separately observable. As we advance, the groves on the left thicken, and have a forest-like shade; but the view on the rising ground, including the celebrated pillar, is too much broken into parts. Though the ground rises finely, its great flowing lines are spoiled by too many groves; there should have been one or two grand masses of wood, and the rest sweeping lawn. This park is not comparable with that at Knowle, either for swell and variety of surface, or for grandeur and disposition of wood; no such enchanting groves of plane and birch and oak as there. But a very grand avenue extends from the Oxford-gate to the palace. On entering the garden, of finest turf and shade, pass the east front to the lawn of the back front, opening to a view of distant hills between the high groves. The back front of the house much the best; more simple, and, seen in perspective, very good. Parterres in the flower-garden, with basket-work round them, in the pretty fashion of the last century in France. Hence through deep shade to the sheep-walk, where the light opens upon the country, and then soon look down upon another bridge and water. This walk continues on the brow, for about half a mile, very sweetly, and leads to a sloping lawn, shaded with the noblest trees in the garden. More struck with this spot than with any, except about the large lake. First, two poplars of most astonishing height, much larger than those in the avenue at Mannheim. At their feet, the light green spray foliage of these deciduous cypresses had a most charming effect. Near the poplars, a lofty plane, but inferior in height. Near this, a surprising Portugal laurel swept the ground, and spread to a vast circumference; a very extraordinary tree for size. Delighted with the steep green slope, the water and bridge below, the abrupt woody banks opposite, and, above all, the grandeur of the shades. Pass the bridge: on the right, the massy rocks of the cascade, but no water: on the left, the water winding beyond the woody banks; a highly-tufted island, with a wooden building near its margin, very picturesque. Over a sofa, in the dining-room, a large family picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The duke seated, and turning to the Marquis of Blandford, when a boy, with an air and countenance in which

the nobleman and the good man are blended; more pleasing and dignified than Romney's portrait of him. The duchess, of pleasing countenance, and much sweetness in her eyes. Of the children, the most striking is Lady Charlotte (Nares),—five or six years old, playfully holding a mask, and laughing behind it, as she frightens her sister, who draws back in doubt and with some apprehension, but calmly. The figure of Lady C. has all the natural playful grace of a child, though the attitude is rather over-strained. Vandyke's portrait of Charles the First's queen is not so fine as his picture of her in the domestic drawing-room at Warwick Castle. It is in the superior colours and expressive drawing of the tapestry, that Blenheim chiefly excels the interior decorations of other great mansions. That in the state-room is from Brussels, and most exquisite; presented by that city to the great duke. It entirely covers the lofty walls. Each compartment displays a different siege or battle, and the distance, fading often into blue hills, is so finely shaded, that the whole seems almost a living prospect, and that you might step into the scene. The figures in the fore ground are nearly as large as life, and chiefly portraits: they are admirably grouped, and the action not only spirited and natural, but often full of character. The duke is always on horseback, and has the same air of countenance—attentive and eager; the features somewhat thin. The face of a French spy, under examination before the duke, is admirable—watchful, sedate, and firm. In the next compartment is a very spirited figure of Lord Cadogan, on horseback, his hat held off at arm's length, receiving orders from the duke. His eagerness, proud submission, and impatience to be gone, while he bends to listen, and can scarcely rein his impatient charger, are all conspicuous. His faithful dog, that would be near him in every battle, and that returned safe home at last, is waiting beside him.

ORIGINAL.

DIFFICULTIES OF WRITING HISTORY— THE SCOTCH REFORMERS.

THERE can be adduced no stronger proof of the obliquity which characterizes man's observations upon what passes around him, than the anomalous truth that history is indebted to a moderate removal from the events which form its subject for much of that accuracy which most recommends it. The dim dubiety of antiquity, by destroying the subject, cannot be more fatal than are unsubsidied partisanship and conflicting prepossessions, by obscuring it. Under the rival dynasties of those who would oppress and those who are oppressed; of those who would innovate and those who would retain; of those who would blindly admire, and those who would as blindly condemn, the subjects of each catch all the contagion of leadership. The boiling and blustering strenuousness of publicity finds its full counterpart both in the rude rancours of the hamlet, and in the refined sophistries of the closet; and he whom the careless observer might imagine to have

sought a refuge from troubled operation in philosophy, has indeed rescued his person, perhaps, from the risks and the jostlings of the time, but has nevertheless so furnished himself for this his retirement, as to keep his mind ever infected with the diseases, and ever active in the support of that commotion which is without. Hence it is that writers of the day always may be, and too often are, the least deserving of our credence; and that the subsequent compiler has imposed upon him a task of no ordinary difficulty; no less than that of the discovery of truth by the detection of conflicting errors; not by patient research merely, but by nice and sceptic discrimination in the midst of hostile authorities; so that if he has failed to scrutinize the motives, and to array faithfully against each other the writings of the literary champions of the day, he cannot be a good historian, simply because he is not a competent judge. And if to defective or partial information he add individual prepossession, we can expect at his hands still less indeed of benefit, yet not a little of harm to the public. This is a remark which agrees with every man's experience, for the reading public are ever at the mercy of the writing public.

But if history itself thus err and lead astray, it is clear that he who, employing its medium, and adopting its errors, gives forth to the world, as the fruit of his lucubrations, some ideal acting—the antitype of his own sentiments, does but run hazard of lying under and fostering some double delusion, by which, the more to mislead those who, deeming history its own proof, hold fiction to be but the more minute or more ornamented portrait of History's most veritable features.

We believe that we could not better illustrate this position, than by recalling our boyish impressions from the *Scottish Chiefs*—a production fascinating indeed, yet on that very account the more eminently calculated to mislead—a palatable compound of fact and fable, which national prejudice causes us practically to credit throughout, in the face of all our theoretical jealousies as to the foundation of any one of its parts. The geography of Britain should have taught us, long before it did, the lesson, that her territory admits of no rival partition. We might, perhaps, have learned this with much benefit to ourselves by the subjugation of Scotland under the Edwards. The English monarch was ambitious, indeed: the Scotch were, no doubt, combatting, at the time, for national independence—nay, existence. Still, however, defeat might have been, to the latter, the harbinger of a speedier prosperity; and their successful resistance may, after all, have been nothing more than the detrimental triumph of well-intentioned efforts, in pursuance of most short-sighted policy. But, be this as it may, we would remark, that we have no authority save that of our excited fantasies, for the too prevalent idea, that the stern compatriots of Wallace knew no alternative in their conflict, but that of prosperous independence, or of desolation and ruin; and that barbarity, as the one character, and havoc, as the one watchword of the aggressors, was contrasted with an indignation alike

generous and just, and with exertion alike judicious and disinterested, on the part of those who stood forth as Scotland's resolved assertors.

It is by some such juggling, we apprehend, of fiction and narrative combined, that the Scotch reformers have come to be so grievously traduced. The character of every reformer is at the mercy of a die. For its fate depends, not so much on the character of his project, as upon its success and his own station. The public mind is ever the willing follower of patronized and established realities; and the tidings of success, or else the authoritative pre-assurance of coming adoption, can alone unsettle the drowsiness of a people's routine, and shake off that sluggishness of prejudice, which looks coldly askance at every change. But a religious reform has to combat more than this, inasmuch as it has to master an aversion or indifference, not merely to the proposal, but to the subject also of any such proposal; so much so, that we may reasonably doubt which set of men have ever proved its sturdiest enemies—they who, by bigotedly attacking, do but cherish the truth—or they who, enemies or treacherous friends of religion in the abstract, do so dread its agitation as a topic, that they would gladly blink or smother every question which may bring it into the bright prominence of peculiar regard. Let us reflect, then, on the desperate magnitude of opposition which the unauthorized purifiers of the Scotch church must have encountered—let us keep in mind that, but for such an opposition, all their efforts might have ceased or sunk inoperative under the leaden pressure of some listless tolerance, and that the people, therefore, left to submissive ignorance, might have afforded no occasion for the display of their present ingratitude; and let us further observe the absence of all secular advantage, as accruing from the change, and we can have little doubt that, after making full allowance for the exhaustion of patience into retaliation, much indeed of that surly severity with which the Scotch reformers are charged, exists only in the sceptic indifference or animosity of those from whom they seceded, and is charged with the worst possible grace by those who now live ungrateful in the midst of a happiness, and unzealous in the midst of a religious liberty, which ill-requested strenuousness has purchased, and which could not be conveniently purchased over again. The reform effected by John Knox does certainly carry a powerful claim to general regard, inasmuch as the great body of the public know well the evils of Popery, and are thus fully alive to the negative, however dead to the positive benefits of Protestantism. The character of Knox has, indeed, been much traduced, and his conduct much reprobated, by those who make a definitiveness of faith the last concern to which they would look—who are jealous of religious inquiry, as of some dangerous ferment, which may perchance give uneasiness, by showing too clearly how far from godliness is the indolent placidity of their temporizing formalism; and who cannot see a shade of difference between holy zeal, unyielding steadfastness, and exertions which

owed most of their violence to the character of the times, on the one hand, and keen, unchristian, ambitious, and overbearing partisanship, on the other. But the ability of his later advocates has made it evident, beyond dispute, that, although sometimes buffeted into excitation, Knox had ever mainly in his view the glory of God, in shaking off from his country the fearful incubus of Catholicism.

The champions of the covenant, however, have not as yet fared so well. They then headed, and their people still form, a small proportion of the British population, so that the sense of procured advantages can raise no mighty consentient voice, whereby to dispel at once the prejudices of earlier writers. That Presbytery is preferable, in many points, to Episcopacy, every Presbyterian will be inclined to say, is bound, to maintain. But their difference is so slight, when compared with that which obtains between the former and Popery, that many, in virtue of the obtuseness of their religious sensibilities, can discover no adequate cause for such a sturdiness of outstanding as the Presbyterian fathers exhibited; while many, again, of their unworthy successors, disgusted by the unfashionable and inconvenient simplicity of their tenets, and the practical sincerity of their professions, are, from a feeling of false shame, desirous to stand in the eyes of the world as distantly related as possible to persons whose acquaintance they would not unwillingly altogether disclaim. Hence has arisen that apathy to the matter and object of the covenant, even by writers who have dwelt so largely on the struggles of the Covenanters.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PATH OF GENIUS.

'Tis vain to struggle,—let me perish young,—
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved,—
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then at least my heart will be unmov'd.'

BYRON.

'Live as he lived!'—yes, life were then a boon
Beyond all gifts that Heav'n itself may grant;
A round of glory and of ecstasy,—
The all for which aspiring souls may pant.

'Love as he loved!'—yes, feel the madd'ning glow

That lifts Earth's children to the light of Heaven;
Then bear the inevitable sense of woe,
That waits on all to whom such glow is given.

And 'perish young,' as he did;—die the death
That won more glory for him than his songs;
And thou shalt be a theme for hallowed breath,
A light,—a landmark to earth's million throngs.

But nerve thy soul for sorrow, and the stings,
Which none who thus aspire can ever 'scape;
The world shall check thy speed, and wound thy wings,
Though upward still thy eagle course thou shape.

For thou shalt love thy kind, and they shall reap,
Perchance, true fame and glory from thy deeds;

But deem not that the ambushed foemen sleep,
No! Hate assails thee, and thy torn heart bleeds.

But this, too, must thou meet and overcome,—
Love must mate Hatred,—patient Smiles
mate Scorn.

Till Time shall bid the accusing voice be dumb,
And unopposed thy name aloft be borne.

Thus must thou do and dare, and bear, to be
The meteor Missolonghi's minstrel shone;
At once earth's martyr and its mockery,
A thing to live and dream and feel alone!

Alone, alone!—for vainly through the earth
It seeks communion with some kindred mind;
Such minds exist, but meet not—from their birth
Doomed still to sigh for bliss they may not find.

'Live, love, and struggle,' and then 'perish young,'
Nor mourn that thus to dust thou must return;

For there no longer shall thy breast be wrung,
No more thy soul with bootless tortures burn.
June 15th, 1826. J. W. D.

A BALAD, WRITTEN ON THE CHAIN-PIER AT BRIGHTON, 19TH MAY.

GENTLY swell, thou southern breeze;
Undulating wavelets flow;
Darksome caves my breast appease;
Ye alone my sorrows know;
Safely to yon peaceful vale,
Waft him to my arms once more;
Gently blow, thou southern gale,
Guide him to his native shore!

See the whitening sail appears;
Now the port in view he hails;
Southern breezes dry my tears;
Spread, ye winds, the favouring sails.
Faitless bark, and faithless wave!
See she strikes against the rock;
Southern gales, that made his grave,
Why did ye my transports mock?

Lo! his form upon the strand
Meets my dimm'd bewilder'd eyes;
Southern breeze he waves his hand,
I shall clasp him ere he dies.
See us, hapless pair, unite,
Here upon this rocky shore;
Southern breeze, our deaths requite,
Since we meet to part no more! H.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

IN the sculpture-room we have hitherto only noticed M. Gauci's lithographic drawing of Cupid and Psyche; this masterpiece of art, we understand, is purchased for a private collection, and we hear no impression will be allowed to be taken, so that the public will be deprived of this beautiful specimen at the close of the present exhibition. In the sculpture department, generally, the society cannot boast of many very striking performances, but there are several very clever pieces. Among the busts, the strongly marked countenance of the late J. Nollekins, Esq. bespeaks at once the greatness of the man and the ability of Mr. Goblet. The bust of Master J. W. Papworth, by C. Moore, is remarkable for its freedom and animation, and is a fine head; while that of the Duke of Wellington immediately calls to mind the hero it represents, and is very creditable to the talents of Mr. E. Physick. The Portrait of the Duke of Sussex, modelled in wax, by C.

Moore, would not injure the high reputation of Rowe, and there are intaglio impressions. 724 and 726, by Warner, fine enough for enamels. A bas-relief of a Bull, by Gerrard, is a bold performance, but the subject is extravagant. No. 732, a frame, containing five Heads, by S. Herring, is very clever, and much better than 729, by the same artist. The *Captive* is in perfect keeping, by J. Herring, jun. and pleases us much; and the *Study from Nature*, by J. Ternouth, is like life itself. There is a sketch of Eve entreating Forgiveness, by H. Rossi, which is but a rough performance, and two of a statue of the late Major Cartwright, by J. Ternouth, full of character. But the most elaborate performance of this class is by H. Rossi,—*Cassandra* forcibly taken from the temple of Minerva, which, in point of drawing, pictorial expression, and fineness of execution, is rarely surpassed; it is indeed a very superior work of art. There are but a few subjects in this assemblage upon which we could discourse with severity, and these we avoid, for here is wanted the cheering smiles of the liberal and the patronage of the wealthy. The efforts of this society, it seems, have been much better rewarded than were those of the Royal Academy at its commencement, which we think rather attributable to the growth of literature and taste and to the excellence of its several exhibitions, than to any direct patronage. Be this as it may, the present exhibition is not only honourable to the society, but to the country; and offers a greater number of fine original paintings than were perhaps ever before exhibited.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new farce, *'Twixt the Cup and the Lip*, from the pen of the author of *Paul Pry*, was brought out on Tuesday night. The story consists in Pengander, (Liston,) a fortune-hunter, being on the eve of marriage with a young lady, Charlotte, (Miss A. Jones,) who has a fortune of £5000, and has yielded to the advice of her friends against her own inclination. To break off this match, her cousin, Jack Larkins, (Vining,) a youthful physician, explains the critical situation of Charlotte to his friend Mandeville, (Raymond,) who, it seems, had long admired her—indeed, their affection was mutual, though neither, till now, had avowed the fact; schemes are then laid to thwart the contracted marriage, and bring about the union of Charlotte and Mandeville—which it required no great penetration to foresee would be ultimately effected; and they find a very effectual auxiliary in a lively widow, Mrs. Freeman, (Mrs. Glover,) who, having discovered the fortune-hunting propensity of Pengander, had obtained from him a written promise of marriage, for the purpose of exposing his knavery at a suitable opportunity.—She heartily joins in Larkins's schemes, calls upon Pengander, affects an over-powering attachment, and intercepts him constantly to his utter embarrassment, insinuates that her fortune is infinitely superior to Charlotte's, and, at last, the out-witted Pengander restores the £5000 he had received, finds that the widow

has tricked him, that he is to get neither wife nor money, and Charlotte and Mandeville are united. In this farce there are several witty, animated, and grotesque scenes, in which Mr. Vining and Mrs. Glover are quite in their element; but Liston's character is a new one—well drawn and inimitably performed: it is that of an ignorant, knavish, conceited, selfish coxcomb of forty, overcome with whims and affectation. The ignorance and quaintness of his remarks, his dress, and manners, give ample scope for Liston's peculiar style of playing, and enable him not only to maintain his own celebrity, but render bearable some scenes which, in other hands, would totally fail; so that, although there is a sufficient field for some censure of the author's performance, there is none for the actors', and the curtain fell amidst the unmixed acclamations of the audience.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

M. CORNILLOT'S BALLOON ASCENTS.

BALLOON ascents have of late years become so frequent, and the adventurers so destitute of any thing like talent, that they have ceased to excite that interest they formerly inspired. Now any man who has the courage may get a balloon, bargain with the gas company for a supply of that material, ascend above the first dense cloud that lowers, drop a few miles distant, and then set forth a narrative, stating that the aéronaut has been two or three miles high. This is asserted without the adventurer giving any data by which its truth can be known, and indeed we suspect few of the persons who have lately made ascents possess the means of ascertaining or calculating to what elevation they did reach.

The science of aérostics has, however, now got into abler hands, and if it cannot be farther advanced, we are sure it will not be exposed to ridicule. It will be recollected that in August last, M. Cornillot an ingenious Frenchman, accompanied by Mr. T. R. Jolliffe, made an ascent in the country, in which he practically established the method of travelling horizontally, at any elevation, at the will of the aéronaut.

This was an important point gained, and M. Cornillot means to resume his attempt for the practical improvement of aérostics, by making an ascent on Saturday, the 17th inst. from the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, accompanied by his former aerial companion. In this ascent, which is for the benefit of the distressed manufacturers, M. Cornillot proposes, by ascending to the necessary elevations, to verify the facts announced by Messrs. Robertson and Sacaroof, the 30th June, 1804, respecting meteorological phenomena, which, properly studied, might supply the place of a barometer, in indicating the different heights at which the aéronaut arrives; also to make various experiments upon sound, as well as to study the nature of the impressions which different animals experience at different elevations.

We trust that the ascent will be liberally encouraged, for the sake of the charity it is intended to assist, and that M. Cornillot's voyage will be as successful as its object is benevolent and praiseworthy.

CAPTAIN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION
INTELLIGENCE has been received from Capt. Franklin and some of his companions in the expedition, which, though not of recent date, is interesting, as containing some geographical and hydrographical information relative to the northern coast of America, and the Arctic regions. Two letters, the first written by Capt. Franklin, and the second by Dr. Richardson, the surgeon to the expedition, we subjoin:—

7th September, 1825,

Lat. 65. 11. N. Long. 123. 33 W.

My dear Sir,—I do most earnestly congratulate you on the prospect we had from Garry's Island, of a perfectly open sea, without a particle of ice, as it is another step gained in confirmation of your much contested hypothesis. We saw nothing to stop the ships, but on the contrary, every thing around us strengthened my hope of their effecting the passage. The Indians, indeed, have a report, that between the Mackenzie and Copper-Mine rivers, there is a point that stretches far to the northward, which is generally surrounded with ice. If this be true, the ships perhaps may be checked in their progress for a time, but I think they will not be altogether stopped, providing they have been enabled to get at the main shore to the eastward from Regent's Inlet. No Indian, however, with whom I have spoken on my recent visit to the sea, can speak of this point or of the obstruction, from his own observation; and the report seems, like many others current among them, to have passed from generation to generation, which at the first had but little ground to stand upon. The Indians, in fact, know nothing of the coast, the knowledge of the sea shore being entirely confined to the Esquimaux, with whom we have not as yet had any communication.—They are employed during the summer, in catching whales, and in other marine pursuits, to the eastward of the Mackenzie, to which, I believe, they return in the winter. Their neighbours, the Quarellers of Mackenzie, or the Lancheose of the traders, resemble them very much in appearance, dress, and manners, and many of the Esquimaux words, which Augustus understood, were in use among them; but, as is too often the case with the neighbouring tribes of these aborigines, they are always at war with each other. Fortunately for us, however, terms of peace were settled last summer, between them and the Esquimaux, which we shall, of course, endeavour to strengthen, if we meet them together. The Quarellers were quite delighted at seeing Augustus with us, and assured us there would be now no fear of the Esquimaux receiving us in a hostile manner, as they had already been apprized by them of our intention to visit their lands; and the reason for our doing so could be more fully explained by him than they could do.

We saw many moose and rein-deer, and large flocks of geese and swans at the mouth of the river, which, no doubt, are to be found on its low shores, during the whole of the warm season; and probably the animals retire to the woods in the winter, which are

not far distant from the coast. The long track of alluvial ground which is passed in the descent of the Mackenzie, is well covered with pines, even as high as 68½ north, which would afford good shelter for any animals.

The Rocky Mountain range is seen through nearly the whole course of the river after passing the south branch of the Mackenzie, at no great distance from its banks, running in about W.N.W. true direction; but they do not appear so high as I had been led to expect till you reach the sea, and then they attain an immense elevation, and seem to form the sea-coast to the westward. We shall probably pass very near them next summer, and be able to give some account of them. If a judgment might be formed from a very distant view of two or three of the highest peaks, from their shape and appearance, I should suppose these to be volcanic. On Garry's Island we found plenty of coal and bitumen, embodied in the black earth of which it is composed; but I find Dr. Richardson has given you a cursory outline of the geology of the river and this lake; my imperfect information on this point may therefore be spared. I can only assure you, I have more than once wished the expedition could transport some of the fine limestone cliffs that bound the river, to the vicinity of the Thames: we might then soon be enriched by contracting not only to supply the material for the new London Bridge, but also to satisfy the present rage for building, at a very cheap rate.

We are now in the very bustle of finishing our own buildings, which, however, are not of stone, as you may suppose, but of wood. The house is situated close to the borders of the lake, for the convenience of the fishery, which is to be our main support, though we hope to catch a few rein-deer, on their march to the south next month. My land friends, during my absence, have named the house Fort Franklin, which, at their solicitation, I have permitted to stand, or I intended to have given it the name of Reliance.

I have discharged all the Canadian voyageurs that Mr. Dease could spare, in order to reduce our establishment to as small a number as possible; we are now, therefore, nearly a British party. All the men have conducted themselves extremely well, and they quite enjoy the service. We must endeavour to keep them as merry and active as we can during the winter.

I cannot sufficiently praise the officers, who have been constantly on the alert, and most zealous in the cause, as you will suppose, from our having done what we have, and got seated here at such an early period, nearly a month before the company's servants get to their winter quarters. We were just six months from leaving Liverpool to the Arctic Sea.

JOHN FRANKLIN.

Bear Lake, Sept. 6, 1825.

I arrived here on the 10th of last month, and, in a few days afterwards, proceeded with a boat and crew to coast the northern shores of this lake, for the purpose of ascertaining the most proper place for depositing a boat or canoe, to shorten the land journey

of my small party next season, should it be so fortunate as to reach the Copper-mine by sea from Mackenzie's River. After an absence of nearly three weeks, I have cursorily surveyed the north-west, north, and north-east parts of the lake, which runs beyond the 67th degree of north latitude, and abounds in deep bays and arms, one of which, most happily for us, runs to longitude 119,04 W. in lat. 66° 53' within seventy miles of the nearest bend of the Coppermine River, and not above eighty-five miles from the junction of that stream with the Arctic Sea. Bear Lake is above one hundred and fifty miles long, in a straight line; our present residence, which is at its south-western extremity, being in latitude 65° 10', and longitude 123° 33' W., so that a land journey round its bays, &c., would exceed two hundred miles, which will be saved to the party by a canoe being deposited at its eastern extremity next summer.

I have not obtained any certain information respecting the sea to the westward of the Coppermine River, none of the hunters, who are accustomed to go several days' march to the north of this lake, having either seen it, or the Esquimaux which inhabit its shores. From this circumstance I am rather inclined to suppose that there is a cape jutting out pretty far to the north, between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers. If such a cape exists, and is the land seen by Capt. Parry to the southward of Melville Island, or approaches near to it, it may, by producing accumulations of ice, interpose a serious obstacle to Parry's ships, should they attempt the passage to the southward of Melville Island; but I do not apprehend that we shall be prevented from proceeding along the coast in a boat if we are at all favoured by the weather, and the channels which usually occur between the more fixed ice and the shore. Indeed, I am more than ever convinced that there is, in some seasons at least, if not every year, a passage for drift timber, as the poplar wood which we found on the former voyage must have come from Mackenzie's River, there being no trees of that kind to the northward of Bear Lake, nor on the banks of any river that flows into the Arctic Sea to the eastward. The Indians that have visited the sea at the mouth of Mackenzie's River report that there is open water in some years only to the eastward, although it is clear of ice every summer to the westward. Their intelligence, however, is to be taken with some allowance, as they do not always visit the coast at the most favourable time for our purpose, the beginning of August; and Captain Franklin's prosperous voyage of this season has given us the cheering intelligence of perfectly open water both ways on the 16th August.

Captain Franklin's observations make the distance between the rivers, in a direct line, only four hundred and fifty miles; and I trust that by the close of next season my communications will be much more satisfactory than the conjectures with which I have at present troubled you.

The northern shores of Bear Lake are covered with spruce-fir trees of tolerable size,

and frequented at all times by moose-deer and musk-oxen, and at this season of the year by large herds of rein-deer, now migrating from the sea coast. The banks of Mackenzie's River, and the portions of the rocky mountains which we skirted, present the different rock formations in their usual order, and with many interesting features, from the transition-limestone down to the new-red sandstone covering the independent coal measures. Bear Lake River makes a beautiful section of the last-mentioned formation, and the rocks exposed abound in those petrifications of extinct species of trees, and impressions of ferns and other vegetables, so interesting to geologists; but I have not yet met with the coal itself belonging indisputably to that part of the series, although there are extensive beds of wood-coal and layers of bitumen in various parts of the river, and on Garry's Island, at its mouth, from whence Captain Franklin brought fine specimens. This wood-coal, I suspect, is a newer deposit, and occurs only accidentally upon the sandstone of the coal measures of this neighbourhood, never inclosed in it. It is, however, in sufficient abundance for the purposes of the arts, should they ever make their way to this remote country.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

Substitute for Sugar.—The Asiatic Journal, in a notice concerning Mr. Moorcroft's Travels in Soorkistan, says, 'the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bokhara are said to contain inexhaustible mines of fossil-salt, and Budukshan is rich to profusion in all the mineral productions of the earth, and other products of a most valuable nature. Almost all the varieties of bread-corn are raised with facility; the orchards are fruitful to a degree seldom known in Europe; indigo may be successfully cultivated in certain places; and there exists a substitute for the sugar of the cane, so rich, so fine, so wholesome, and so cheap, as to leave nothing to be wished for in its manufacture, except its reduction to a solid form, for the convenience of transport. At the lowest calculation, the towns depending on Bokhara, not including those of its immediate vicinity, yield about seventy thousand maunds annually, and there are not, apparently, any bounds to the power of raising it. The ordinary price is about two rupees a maund, and it forms the basis of a sweetmeat greatly in use among the lower classes. It may be a mortifying reflection to men of science, especially in France, that whilst a host of French chemists, at the command of Bonaparte, were long employed in ransacking the vegetable kingdom for a sweet juice, which, converted into sugar, might serve as a substitute for the sugar of the cane, when that substance bore a very high price in France, and could find nothing more productive than the parsnip and beet—the Ozbuks and Afghans, who are completely ignorant of the elements of chemistry, and even of the term, except as applied to the art of transmuting metals should have stumbled upon a discovery which converted a substance, which France possesses in profusion, into syrup so excellent, as to leave little to regret in being deprived of the sugar-cane; and which, by a

cheap, easy, and obvious management, may be made at least to rival that article in regard to quality. Mr. Moorcroft does not divulge the name of the substitute.'

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Electioneering Anecdote, or a Hint to Candidates.—Some eighteen years ago, a Mr. Pitcher, full of the good things of this world, and eager to represent the multitude, put up for Sudbury. To secure the votes of the many-headed tribe, he, for about four months previous to the day for coming to the poll, kept open house, giving freely unto all comers. Alas! poor man! he never dreamed that the gormandizing crew, who had eaten of his beef and drank of his ale, would leave him for another; he had forgotten the old saying, that 'there's many a slip,' &c.—A candidate appeared in the person of Capt. Agar; the captain treated the voters, his mode was new, they were weary of cramming at Mr. Pitcher's with beef and ale;—they went about with a broken pitcher on the end of a pole, (witty, but ungrateful dogs,) and the captain was elected. S. R. J.

Laconic Address.—Sir Gilbert Elliott, during the siege of Gibraltar, said, 'What! would you Englishmen, that are fed upon solid beef, suffer yourselves to be beaten by these Spaniards, who live only on soup and chesnuts?' Such an appeal as this went home, at once, to the very hearts and stomachs of his men, and victory could not fail to follow it.

Herod's Cruelty.—When Herod had put to death many of his children, the emperor hearing of it, said, 'He had rather be Herod's hog than his child, for he killed his children, and spared his pigs!'

Devil's Sonata.—M. de Lalonde states that he received from Tartini himself (the celebrated composer) the following singular anecdote respecting one of his compositions, which shows to what a degree his imagination was inflamed:—He dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and during this vision, every thing succeeded to his mind; his wishes were prevented, and his desires always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. In short, he imagined that he presented the devil his violin, in order to discover what kind of musician he was, when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized his fiddle, in hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain. He however directly composed a piece, which is perhaps the best of all his works, and called it the Devil's Sonata! He knew it, however, to be so inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have subsisted by any other means.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock	Morning	1 o'clock	Noon.	11 o'clock	Night.	Barom.	1 o'clock	Noon.	Weather.
June 9	64	71	56	30 02						Fair.
.... 10	60	70	57	30 00						Do.
.... 11	60	69	60	.. 10						Fine.
.... 12	65	74	64	.. 29						Do.
.... 13	65	77	65	.. 25						Do.
.... 14	64	76	64	.. 26						Do.
.... 15	65	75	58	.. 13						Do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—An Essay on Dress, some reviews, and other deferred articles, shall certainly appear in our next.—Evening on the Sea Shore; the Connoisseur; Imah's Song; L. C.'s Stanzas; and the Muses, by J. F., shall have insertion in an early number.—A Song, by Mrs. Carey, shall have a place in a week or two.—The Lines, by C. H. B., are somewhat too prosaic.

Works just published:—Faber's Difficulties of Romanism, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Doddsley's Annual Register for 1825, 16s.—Complete Domestic Distiller, 3s.—English's Law of Pews, 5s. 6d.—Barry on the Blood, 7s.—Blackader's Memoirs, 7s. 6d.—Miers's Chile and La Plata, 2 vols. 8vo. maps, &c. 2l.—Letters from Cockney Land, 4s. 6d.—Waite's Discourses on the 39 Articles, 8vo. 16s.—Todd's Vindication of Cranmer, 4s.—Felix Farley's Rhymes, 8s.—Abbasah, in two cantos, 5s.—Missionary Stories, 2s. 6d.—Notes of a Journey through France and Italy, 14s.—Lloyd's Botanical Terminology, 7s.—Carey's Five Hundred Experiments, 3s.—Worthington, on Wills—Truth, 3 vols. 24s.—Cornwallis on the Lord's Supper, 2s.—Howell's State Trials, vol. 33, 12 11s. 6d.—Ruff on Contested Elections, 9s.—Bernier's Travels in the Mogul Empire, 2 vols. 18s.—North on Convulsions of Infants, 7s. 6d.—Smith's New Pocket Companion to the Roads of England and Wales, 12mo. 8s.—Soane's Specimens of German Romances, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12 4s.—Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright, 2 vols. 8vo. 12 8s.—Mrs. Radcliffe's Works, 2 vols. 8vo. 10s.—Hall's French Roots, 8s. 6d.—Lamballe's Secret Memoirs of the French Court, 2 vols. 8vo. 12 5s.—Engel's Lorenz Stark, translated, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—Bailey's Petoletti, a poem, 12mo. 5s.—Tavern Anecdotes, 12mo. 6s.—Network, or Thoughts in Idleness, 12mo. 5s.—Field Flowers, a collection of poems, 12mo. 7s.—Black mantle's Merry Guide to Margate, &c. 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Gould on the Microscopes, 2s.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, in SUFFOLK STREET, PALL-MALL EAST, IS NOW OPEN, from EIGHT O'CLOCK in the MORNING until DUSK.—Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
T. C. HOFFLAND, Secretary.

POSTPONEMENT OF SIGNOR VELLUTI'S BENEFIT.

SIGNOR VELLUTI respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that in consequence of the Rehearsal of the Concert in aid of the Musical Fund taking place on the 14th, at the King's Theatre, he finds it impossible to produce the new Opera of Aureliano in Palmira, except in an imperfect state, without interfering with the cause of Charity; he is, therefore, compelled to postpone his Benefit to **THURSDAY, the 22nd inst.**

SHAKESPEARE'S ROMANCES.—The attention of readers of Shakspeare's Dramas is solicited to this work; being the Dramatic Dialogue of Shakspeare's Plays, connected with narrative, in imitation of the Waverley Novels.

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